

O V I D ' s  
METAMORPHOSES;

TRANSLATED BY  
EMINENT PERSONS.

PUBLISHED BY  
SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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Of Bodies chang'd to various forms I sing.

Metam.

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VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1794.





OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED BY

DRYDEN,

ADDISON,

GARTH,



CONGREVE,

POPE,

GAY,

AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

BOOK.... V. || BOOK..... VII.

BOOK.... VI. || BOOK.... VIII.

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# OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

## BOOK V.

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TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR MAYNWARING, ESQ.

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### THE STORY OF PERSEUS CONTINUED.

---

WHILE Perseus entertain'd with this report,  
His father Cepheus, and the list'ning court,  
Within the palace walls was heard aloud  
The roaring noise of some unruly croud ;  
Not like the songs which chearful friends prepare  
For nuptial days, but sounds that threaten'd war ;  
And all the pleasures of this happy feast,  
To tumult turn'd, in wild disorder ceas'd :  
When the sea is calm, we often find  
A storm rais'd sudden by some furious wind. 10  
Chief in the riot Phineus first appear'd,  
The rash ringleader of this boist'rous herd,  
And brandishing his brazen-pointed lance,  
Behold, he said, an injur'd man advance,

Stung with resentment for his ravish'd wife,  
Nor shall thy wings, O Perseus, save thy life;  
Nor Jove himself; tho' we've been often told  
Who got thee in the form of tempting gold.  
His lance was aim'd, when Cepheus ran, and said,  
Hold, brether, hold; what brutal rage has made  
Your frantic mind so black a crime conceive?  
Are these the thanks that you to Perseus give?  
This the reward that to his worth you pay,  
Whose timely valour sav'd Andromeda?  
Nor was it he, if you would reason right,  
That forc'd her from you, but the jealous spight  
Of envious Nereids, and Jove's high decree;  
And that devouring monster of the sea,  
That ready with his jaws wide gaping stood  
To eat my child, the fairest of my blood.  
You lost her then, when she seem'd past relief,  
And wish'd perhaps her death, to ease your grief  
With my afflictions: Not content to view  
Andromeda in chains, unhelp'd by you,  
Her spouse, and uncle; will you grieve that he  
Expos'd his life the dying maid to free?  
And shall you claim his merit? Had you thought  
Her charms so great, you shou'd have bravely sought  
That blessing on the rocks, where fix'd she lay:  
But now let Perseus bear his prize away,  
By service gain'd, by promis'd faith possess'd;  
To him I owe it, that my age is bless'd

Still with a child: Nor think that I prefer  
Perseus to thee, but to the loss of her.

Phineus on him, and Perseus roll'd about 45  
His eyes in silent rage, and seem'd to doubt  
Which to destroy; till, resolute at length,  
He threw his spear with the redoubled strength  
His fury gave him, and at Perseus struck;  
But missing Perseus, in his seat it stuck; 50  
Who, springing nimbly up, return'd the dart,  
And almost plung'd it in his rival's heart;  
But he, for safety, to the altar ran,  
Unfit protection for so vile a man;  
Yet was the stroke not vain, as Rhætus found, 55  
Who in his brow receiv'd a mortal wound;  
Headlong he tumbled, when his skull was broke,  
From which his friends the fatal weapon took,  
While he lay trembling, and his gushing blood  
In crimson streams around the table flow'd. 60

But this provok'd th' unruly rabble worse,  
They flung their darts, and some in loud discourse  
To death young Perseus, and the monarch doom;  
But Cepheus left before the guilty room,  
With grief appealing to the gods above, 65  
Who laws of hospitality approve,  
Who faith protect, and succour injur'd right,  
That he was guiltless of this barb'rous fight.

Pallas her brother Perseus close attends,  
And with her ample shield from harm defends, 70

Raising a sprightly courage in his heart :  
But Indian Athis took the weaker part,  
Born in the crystal grottoes of the sea,  
Limnatè's son, a fenny nymph, and she  
Daughter of Ganges ; graceful was his mein,  
His person lovely, and his age sixteen.  
His habit made his native beauty more ;  
A purple mantle fring'd with gold he wore ;  
His neck well turn'd with golden chains was grac'd  
His hair with myrrh perfum'd, was nicely dress'd.  
Tho' with just aim he could the jav'lin throw,  
Yet with more skill he drew the bending bow ;  
And now was drawing it with artful hand,  
When Perseus snatching up a flaming brand,  
Whirl'd sudden at his face the burning wood,  
Crush'd his eyes in, and quench'd the fire with blood ;  
Thro' the soft skin the splinter'd bones appear,  
And spoil'd the face that lately was so fair.

When Lycabas his Athis thus beheld,  
How was his heart with friendly horror fill'd !  
A youth so noble, to his soul so dear,  
To see his shapeless look, his dying groans to hear  
He snatch'd the bow the boy was us'd to bend,  
And cry'd, with me, false traitor, dare contend ;  
Boast not a conquest o'er a child, but try  
Thy strength with me, who all thy pow'rs defy :  
Nor think so mean an act a victory.  
While yet he spoke he flung the whizzing dart,  
Which pierc'd the plaited robe, but miss'd his heart



Perseus defy'd, upon him fiercely press'd 100  
With sword unsheath'd, and plung'd it in his breast;  
His eyes o'erwhelm'd with night, he stumbling falls,  
And with his latest breath on Athis calls;  
Pleas'd that so near the lovely youth he lies,  
He sinks his head upon his friend, and dies. 105

Next eager Phorbas, old Methion's son,  
Came rushing forward with Amphimedon;  
When the smooth pavement, slippery made with gore,  
Tripp'd up their feet, and flung them on the floor;  
The sword of Perseus, who by chance was nigh, 110  
Prevents their rise, and where they fall, they lie:  
Full in his ribs Amphimedon he smote,  
And then stuck fiery Phorbas in the throat.

Eurythus lifting up his axe, the blow  
Was thus prevented by his nimble foe; 115  
A golden cup he seizes, high embost,  
And at his head the massy goblet tost:  
It hits, and from his forehead bruise'd rebounds,  
And blood, and brains he vomits from his wounds;  
With his slain fellows on the floor he lies, 120  
And death forever shuts his swimming eyes.

Then Polydæmon fell, a goddess-born;  
Phlegias, and Elycen with locks unshorn  
Next follow'd; next, the stroke of death he gave  
To Clytus, Abanis, and Lycetus brave; 125  
While o'er unnumber'd heaps of ghastly dead,  
The Argive hero's feet triumphant tread.

But Phineus stands aloof, and dreads to feel  
His rival's force, and flies his pointed steel :  
Yet threw a dart from far ; by chance it lights 130  
On Idas, who for neither party fights ;  
But wounded, sternly thus to Phineus said,  
Since of a neuter thou a foe hast made,  
This I return thee, drawing from his side  
The dart ; which, as he strove to fling, he dy'd. 135  
Odites fell by Clymenus's sword,  
The Cephen court had not a greater lord.  
Hypseus his blade does in Protenor sheath,  
But brave Lyncides soon reveng'd his death.  
Here too was old Emathion, one that fear'd 140  
The gods, and in the cause of heav'n appear'd,  
Who only wishing the success of right,  
And, by his age, exempted from the fight,  
Both sides alike condemns ; this impious war,  
Cease, cease, he cries ; these bloody broils forbear. 145  
This scarce the sage with high concern had said,  
When Chromis at a blow struck off his head.  
Which dropping, on the royal altar roll'd,  
Still staring on the crowd with aspect bold ;  
And still it seem'd their horrid strife to blame, 150  
In life and death, his pious zeal the same ;  
While, clinging to the horns, the trunk expires,  
The sever'd head consumes amidst the fires.

Then Phineus, who from far his jav'lin threw,  
Broteas and Ammon, twins and brothers, slew ; 155

For knotted gauntlets matchless in the field;  
But gauntlets must to swords and jav'lines yield.

Ampycus next, with hallow'd fillets bound,  
As Ceres' priest, and with a mitre crown'd,  
His spear transfix'd, and struck him to the ground.

O Iäpetides, with pain I tell 161

How you, sweet lyrist, in the riot fell;

What worse than brutal rage his breast could fill,

Who did thy blood, O bard celestial, spill?

Kindly you press'd amid the princely throng, 165

To crown the feast, and give the nuptial song,

Discord abhorr'd the music of thy lyre,

Whose notes did gentle peace so well inspire;

Thee, when fierce Pettalus far off espy'd,

Defenceless with thy harp, he scoffing cry'd, 170

Go; to the ghosts thy soothing lessons play;

We loath thy lyre, and scorn thy peaceful lay:

And, as again he fiercely bid him go,

He pierc'd his temples with a mortal blow.

His harp he held, tho' sinking on the ground, 175

Whose strings in death his trembling fingers found

By chance, and tun'd by chance a dying sound.

With grief Lycormas saw him fall from far,

And, wresting from the door a massy bar,

Full in his poll lays on a load of knocks, 180

Which stun him, and he falls like a devoted ox.

Another bar Pelates would have snatch'd,

But Corythus his motions slily watch'd;

He darts his weapon from a private stand,  
And rivets to the post his veiny hand :  
When straight a missive spear transfix'd his side,  
By Abas thrown, and as he hung, he dy'd.

Melaneus on the prince's side was slain ;  
And Dorylas, who own'd a fertile plain,  
Of Nasamonias fields the wealthy lord,  
Whose crowded barns could scarce contain their  
A whizzing spear obliquely gave a blow, [hoard  
Stuck in his groin, and pierc'd the nerves below ;  
His foe beheld his eyes convulsive roll,  
His ebbing veins, and his departing soul ;  
Then taunting said, of all thy spacious plains,  
This spot thy only property remains.  
He left him thus ; but had no sooner left,  
Than Perseus in revenge his nostrils cleft ;  
From his friend's breast the murd'ring dart he drew  
And the same weapon at the murd'rer threw ;  
His head in halves the darted javelin cut,  
And on each side the brain came issuing out.

Fortune his friend, his deaths around he deals,  
And this his lance, and that his faulchion feels :  
Now Clytius dies ; and by a diff'rent wound,  
The twin his brother Clanis, bites the ground.  
In his rent jaw the bearded weapon sticks,  
And the steel'd dart does Clytius' thigh transfix.  
With these Mendesian Celadon he slew :  
And Astreus next, whose mother was a jew,

His sire uncertain : Then by Perseus fell  
Ethion, who could things to come foretell ;  
But now he knows not whence the javelin flies  
That wounds his breast, nor by whose arm he dies.

The squire to Phineus next his valour try'd, 216  
And fierce Agyrtes stain'd with parricide.

As these are slain, fresh numbers still appear,  
And wage with Perseus an unequal war ;  
To rob him of his right, the maid he won, 220  
By honour, promise, and desert his own.  
With him, the father of the beauteous bride,  
The mother, and the frighted virgin side ;  
With shrieks, and doleful cries they rend the air :  
Their shrieks confounded with the din of war, 225  
With clashing arms, and groanings of the slain,  
They grieve unpitied, and unheard complain.  
The floor with ruddy streams Bellona stains,  
And Phineus a new war with double rage maintains.

Perseus begirt, from all around they pour 230  
Their lances on him, a tempestuous show'r,  
Aim'd all at him ; a cloud of darts, and spears,  
Or blind his eyes, or whistle round his ears.  
Their numbers to resist, against the wall  
He guards his back secure, and dares them all. 235  
Here from the left Molpeus renews the fight,  
And bold Ethemon presses on the right :  
As when a hungry tiger near him hears  
Two lowing herds, awhile he both forbears ;

Nor can his hopes of this, or that renounce,  
So strong he lusts to prey on both at once;  
Thus Perseus now with that, or this is loath  
To war distinct, but fain would fall on both.  
And first Chaonian Molpeus felt his blow;  
And fled, and never after fac'd his foe;  
Then fierce Ethemon, as he turn'd his back,  
Hurried with fury, aiming at his neck,  
His brandish'd sword against the marble struck,  
With all his might; the brittle weapon broke,  
And in his throat the point rebounding stuck. 250  
Too slight the wound for life to issue thence,  
And yet too great for battle, or defence;  
His arms extended in this piteous state,  
For mercy he would sue, but sues too late;  
Perseus has in his bosom plung'd the sword,  
And, e'er he speaks, the wound prevents the word.

The crowds encreasing and his friends distress'd  
Himself by warring multitudes oppress'd;  
Since thus unequally you fight, 'tis time,  
He cry'd, to punish your presumptuous crime;  
Beware, my friends; his friends were soon prepar'd,  
Their sight averting, high the head he rear'd,  
And Gorgon on his foes severely star'd.  
Vain shift! says Thescelus, with aspect bold,  
Thee, and thy bugbear monster I behold  
With scorn; he lifts his arm, but ere he threw  
The dart, the hero to a statue grew.

In the same posture still the marble stands,  
And holds the warrior's weapons in it's hands.  
Amphyx, whom yet this wonder can't alarm, 270  
Heaves at Lyncides' breast his impious arm;  
But, while thus daringly he presses on,  
His weapon, and his arm are turn'd to stone.  
Next Nileus, he who vainly said he ow'd  
His origin to Nile's prolific flood; 275  
Who on his shield seven silver rivers bore,  
His birth to witness by the arms he wore;  
Full of his sev'n-fold father, thus express'd  
His boast to Perseus, and his pride confess'd:  
See whence we sprung; Let this thy comfort be 280  
In thy sure death, that thou didst die by me.  
While yet he spoke, the dying accents hung  
In sounds imperfect on his marble tongue;  
Tho' chang'd to stone, his lips he seem'd to stretch,  
And thro' th' insensate rock would force a speech. 285  
This Eryx saw, but seeing would not own;  
The mischief by yourselves, he cries, is done, }  
'Tis your cold courage turns your hearts to stone. }  
Come, follow me; fall on the stripling boy,  
Kill him, and you his magic arms destroy. 290  
Then rushing on, his arm to strike he rear'd,  
And marbled o'er, his varied frame appear'd.  
These for affronting Pallas were chastis'd,  
And justly met the death they had despis'd.  
But brave Aconteus, Perseus' friend, by chance 295  
Look'd back, and met the Gorgon's fatal glance:



A statute now become, he ghastly stares,  
And still the foe to mortal combat dares.  
Astyages the living likeness knew,  
On the dead stone with vengeful fury flew ;  
But impotent his rage, the jarring blade  
No print upon the solid marble made :  
Again, as with redoubled might he struck,  
Himself astonish'd in the quarry stuck.

'The vulgar deaths 'twere tedious to rehearse,  
And fates below the dignity of verse ;  
Their safety in their flight two hundred found,  
Two hundred, by Medusa's head were ston'd.  
Fierce Phineus now repents the wrongful fight,  
And views his varied friends, a dreadful sight ;  
He knows their faces, for their help he sues,  
And thinks, not hearing him, that they refuse :  
By name he begs their succour, one by one,  
Then doubts their life, and feels the friendly stone.  
Struck with remorse, and conscious of his pride,  
Convict of sin, he turn'd his eyes aside ;  
With suppliant mein to Perseus thus he prays,  
Hence with the head, as far as winds and seas  
Can bear thee ; Hence, O quit the Cephene shore,  
And never curse us with Medusa more,  
That horrid head, which stiffens into stone  
Those impious men who, daring death, look on.  
I warr'd not with thee out of hate of strife,  
My honest cause was to defend my wife,



First pledg'd to me; What crime cou'd I suppose, 325  
To arm my friends, and vindicate my spouse?  
But vain, too late, I see was our design;  
Mine was the title, but the merit thine.  
Contending made me guilty, I confess,  
But penitence should make that guilt the less: 330  
'Twas thine to conquer by Minerva's pow'r;  
Favour'd of heav'n, thy mercy I implore;  
For life I sue; the rest to thee I yield;  
In pity, from my sight remove the shield.

He suing said; nor durst revert his eyes 335  
On the grim head: And Perseus thus replies;  
Coward, what is in me to grant, I will,  
Nor blood, unworthy of my valour spill:  
Fear not to perish by my vengeful sword,  
From that secure; 'tis all the fates afford. 340  
Where I now see thee, thou shalt still be seen,  
A lasting monument to please our queen;  
There still shall thy betroth'd behold her spouse,  
And find his image in her father's house.

This said; where Phineus turn'd to shun the shield,  
Full in his face the staring head he held; 346  
As here, and there he strove to turn aside,  
The wonder wrought, the man was petrify'd:  
All marble was his frame, his humid eyes  
Drop'd tears, which hung upon the stone like ice.  
In suppliant posture, with uplifted hands, 351  
And fearful look, the guilty statue stands.

Hence Perseus to his native city hies,  
Victorious, and rewarded with his prize.  
Conquest, o'er Prætus the usurper, won, 355  
He reinstates his grandsire in the throne.  
Prætus, his brother, dispossess'd by might,  
His realm enjoy'd, and still detain'd his right:  
But Perseus pull'd the haughty tyrant down,  
And to the rightful king restor'd the throne. 360  
Weak was th' usurper, as his cause was wrong;  
Where Gorgon's head appears, what arms are  
strong?

When Perseus to his host the monster held,  
They soon were statues, and their king expell'd.

Thence, to Seriphus with the head he sails, 365  
Whose prince his story treats as idle tales:  
Lord of a little isle, he scorns to seem  
Too credulous, but laughs at that, and him.  
Yet did he not so much suspect the truth,  
As out of pride, or envy hate the youth. 370  
The Argive prince, at his contempt enrag'd,  
To force his faith by fatal proof engag'd,  
Friends, shut your eyes, he cries; his shield he  
takes,

And to the king expos'd Medusa's snakes.  
The monarch felt the pow'r he would not own, 375  
And stood convict of folly in the stone.

## MINERVA'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MUSES.

Thus far Minerva was content to rove  
With Perseus, offspring of her father Jove :  
Now, hid in clouds, Seriphus she forsook ;  
And to the Theban tow'rs her journey took. 380  
Cythnos and Gyáros lying to the right,  
She pass'd unheeded in her eager flight ;  
And choosing first on Helicon to rest,  
The virgin muses in these words address'd :

Me, the strange tidings of a new-found spring,  
Ye learned sisters, to this mountain bring.  
If all be true that fame's wide rumours tell,  
'Twas Pegasus discover'd first your well ;  
Whose piercing hoof gave the soft earth a blow,  
Which broke the surface, where the waters flow. 390  
I saw that horse by miracle obtain  
Life, from the blood of dire Medusa slain ;  
And now, this equal prodigy to view,  
From distant isles to fam'd Bœotia flew.

The muse Urania said, whatever cause 395  
So great a goddess to this mansion draws ;  
Our shades are happy with so bright a guest,  
You, queen, are welcome, and we muses blest.  
What fame has publish'd of our spring is true,  
Thanks for our spring to Pegasus are due. 400  
Then with becoming courtesy, she led  
The curious stranger to their fountain's head ;

Who long survey'd, with wonder, and delight  
Their sacred water, charming to the sight;  
Their ancient groves, dark grotto, shady bow'r  
And smiling plains adorn'd with various flow'r  
O happy muses! she with rapture cry'd,  
Who, safe from cares, on this fair hill reside;  
Blest in your seat, and free yourselves to please  
With joys of study, and with glorious ease.

### THE FATE OF PYRENEUS.

Then one replies: O goddess, fit to guide  
Our humble works, and in our choir preside,  
Who sure would wisely to these fields repair,  
To taste our pleasures, and our labours share,  
Were not your virtue, and superior mind  
To higher arts, and nobler deeds inclin'd;  
Justly you praise our works, and pleasing seat,  
Which all might envy in this soft retreat,  
Were we secur'd from dangers, and from harm  
But maids are frighten'd with the least alarms,  
And none are safe in this licentious time;  
Still fierce Pyreneus, and his daring crime  
With lashing horror strikes my feeble sight,  
Nor is my mind recover'd from the fright.  
With Thracian arms this bold usurper gain'd,  
Daulis, and Phocis, where he proudly reign'd:  
It happen'd once, as thro' his lands we went,  
For the bright temple of Parnassus bent,

met us there, and in his artful mind  
 ding the faithless action he design'd, 430  
 nfer'd on us (whom, Oh ! too well he knew)  
 honours that to goddesses are due.  
 p, stop, ye muses, 'tis your friend who calls,  
 e tyrant said ; behold the rain that falls  
 ev'ry side, and that ill-boding sky, 435  
 hose lowring face portends more storms are nigh.  
 y make my house your own, and void of fear,  
 hile this bad weather lasts, take shelter here.  
 ds have made meaner places their resort,  
 d, for a cottage, left their shining court, 440  
 Oblig'd to stop, by the united force  
 pouring rains, and complaisant discourse,  
 courteous invitation we obey,  
 d in his hall resolve awhile to stay.  
 on it clear'd up ; the clouds began to fly, 445  
 e driving north refin'd the show'ry sky ;  
 en to pursue our journey we began :  
 t the false traitor to his portal ran,  
 pt our escape, the door securely barr'd,  
 d to our honour, violence prepar'd. 450  
 t we transform'd to birds, avoid his snare,  
 pinions rising in the yielding air.  
 But he, by lust and indignation fir'd,  
 to his highest tow'r with speed retir'd,  
 d cries, in vain you from my arms withdrew, 455  
 e way you go your lover will pursue.

Who long survey'd, with wonder, and delight,  
Their sacred water, charming to the sight;  
Their ancient groves, dark grotto, shady bow'r  
And smiling plains adorn'd with various flow'r  
O happy muses! she with rapture cry'd,  
Who, safe from cares, on this fair hill reside;  
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Who sure would wisely to these fields repair,  
To taste our pleasures, and our labours share,  
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To higher arts, and nobler deeds inclin'd;  
Justly you praise our works, and pleasing seat,  
Which all might envy in this soft retreat,  
Were we secur'd from dangers, and from harms  
But maids are frighten'd with the least alarms,  
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Still fierce Pyreneus, and his daring crime  
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It happen'd once, as thro' his lands we went,  
For the bright temple of Parnassus bent,

met us there, and in his artful mind  
ding the faithless action he design'd, 430  
infer'd on us (whom, Oh ! too well he knew)  
all honours that to goddesses are due.  
op, stop, ye muses, 'tis your friend who calls,  
he tyrant said ; behold the rain that falls  
n ev'ry side, and that ill-boding sky, 435  
Those lowring face portends more storms are nigh.  
ay make my house your own, and void of fear,  
While this bad weather lasts, take shelter here.  
ods have made meaner places their resort,  
nd, for a cottage, left their shining court, 440  
Oblig'd to stop, by the united force  
t pouring rains, and complaisant discourse,  
is courteous invitation we obey,  
nd in his hall resolve awhile to stay.  
oon it clear'd up ; the clouds began to fly, 445  
he driving north refin'd the show'ry sky ;  
hen to pursue our journey we began :  
ut the false traitor to his portal ran, -  
topt our escape, the door securely barr'd,  
nd to our honour, violence prepar'd. 450  
ut we transform'd to birds, avoid his snare,  
n pinions rising in the yielding air.  
But he, by lust and indignation fir'd,  
p to his highest tow'r with speed retir'd,  
nd cries, in vain you from my arms withdrew, 455  
he way you go your lover will pursue.

Then, in a flying posture wildly plac'd,  
 And daring from that height himself to cast,  
 The wretch fell headlong, and the ground bestrew'd  
 With broken bones, and stains of guilty blood. 46

### THE STORY OF THE PIERIDES.

The muse yet spoke; when they began to hear  
 A noise of wings that flutter'd in the air; [bought by  
 And straight a voice, from some high spreading  
 Seem'd to salute the company below. 46  
 The goddess wonder'd, and inquir'd from whence  
 That tongue was heard, that spoke so plainly sense  
 (It seem'd to her a human voice to be,  
 But prov'd a bird's; for in a shady tree  
 Nine magpies perch'd lament their alter'd state,  
 And what they hear, are skilful to repeat.) 47

The sister to the wond'ring goddess said,  
 These, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.  
 These did Evippè of Pæonia bring  
 With nine hard labour-pangs to Pella's king.  
 The foolish virgins, of their number proud,  
 And puff'd with praises of the senseless croud,  
 Thro' all Achaia, and th' Æmonian plains,  
 Defy'd us thus, to match their artless strains;  
 No more, ye Thespian girls, your notes repeat,  
 Nor with false harmony the vulgar cheat;  
 In voice or skill, if you with us will vye,  
 As many we, in voice or skill will try.



render you to us, if we excel,  
 'd Aganippè, and Medusa's well.  
 conquest yours, your prize from us shall be 485  
 Æmathian plains to snowy Pæonè;  
 nymphs our judges. To dispute the field,  
 thought a shame; but greater shame to yield.  
 seats of living stone the sisters sit,  
 by the rivers swear to judge aright. 490

THE SONG OF THE PIERIDES.

Then rises one of the presumptuous throng,  
 rudely forth, and first begins the song :  
 th vain address describes the giants wars,  
 d to the gods their fabled acts prefers.  
 sings, from earth's dark womb how Typhon rose,  
 d struck with mortal fear his heav'nly foes. 496  
 w the gods fled to Egypt's slimy soil,  
 d hid their heads beneath the banks of Nile;  
 w Typhon, from the conquer'd skies, pursu'd  
 air routed godheads to the sev'n-mouth'd flood; 500  
 d ev'ry god, his fury to escape,  
 ne beastly form to take, or earthly shape.  
 e (so she sung) was chang'd into a ram,  
 m whence the horns of Libyan Ammon came.  
 echus a goat, Apollo was a crow, 505  
 ebè a cat ; the wife of Jove a cow,  
 hose hue was whiter than the falling snow.  
 ercury to a nasty Ibis turn'd,  
 e change obscene, afraid of Typhon, mourn'd ;

While Venus from a fish protection craves,  
And once more plunges in her native waves.

She sung, and to her harp her voice apply'd;  
Then us again to match her they defy'd,  
But our poor song, perhaps, for you to hear,  
Nor leisure serves, nor is it worth your ear.  
That causeless doubt remove, O muse rehearse,  
The goddess cry'd, your ever-grateful verse.  
Beneath a chequer'd shade she takes her seat,  
And bids the sister her whole song repeat.  
The sister thus; Calliopè we chose  
For the performance. The sweet virgin rose,  
With ivy crown'd she tunes her golden strings,  
And to her harp this composition sings.

### THE SONG OF THE MUSES.

First Ceres taught her lab'ring hind to plow  
The pregnant earth, and quick'ning seed to sow.  
She first for man did wholesome food provide,  
And with just laws the wicked world supply'd:  
All good from her deriv'd, to her belong  
The grateful tributes of the muse's song.  
Her more than worthy of our verse we deem,  
Oh! were our verse more worthy of the theme.

Jove on the giant fair Trinacria hurl'd,  
And with one bolt reveng'd his starry world.  
Beneath her burning hills Tiphæus lies,  
And, struggling always, strives in vain to rise.

Down does Pelorus his right hand suppress  
Tow'rd Latium, on the left Pachynè weighs.  
His legs are under Lilybæum spread,  
And Ætna presses hard his horrid head.  
On his broad back he there extended lies, 540  
And vomits clouds of ashes to the skies.  
It lab'ring with his load, at last he tires,  
And spews out in revenge a flood of fires.  
Mountains he struggles to o'erwhelm and towns,  
Earth's inmost bowels quake, and nature groans. 545  
His terrors reach the direful king of hell;  
He fears his throes will to the day reveal  
The realms of night, and fright his trembling  
ghosts.

This to prevent, he quits the Stygian coasts,  
His black car, by sooty horses drawn, 550  
For Sicily he seeks, and dreads the dawn.  
Around her plains he casts his eager eyes,  
And ev'ry mountain to the bottom tries.  
At length, in all the careful search, he saw  
No cause of fear, no ill-suspected flaw; 555  
Secure from harm, and wand'ring on at will,  
Juno beheld him from her flow'ry hill:  
Then straight the dame her little Cupid prest  
With secret rapture to her snowy breast, }  
And in these words the flutt'ring boy address. 560 }  
O thou, my arms, my glory, and my pow'r,  
My son, whom men, and deathless gods adore;

Bend thy sure bow, whose arrows never miss'd,  
No longer let hell's king thy sway resist :  
Take him, while straggling from his dark abodes,  
He coasts the kingdoms of superior gods.  
If sov'reign Jove, if gods who rule the waves,  
And Neptune, who rules them, have been thy sla  
Shall hell be free? the tyrant strike, my son,  
Enlarge thy mother's empire, and thy own.  
Let not our heav'n be made the mock of hell,  
But Pluto to confess thy pow'r compel.  
Our rule is slighted in our native skies,  
See Pallas, see Diana too defies  
Thy darts, which Ceres' daughter would despise  
She too our empire treats with aukward scorn;  
Such insolence no longer's to be borne.  
Revenge our slighted reign, and with thy dart  
Transfix the virgin's to the uncle's heart.

She said; and from his quiver straight he drew  
A dart that surely would the business do.  
She guides his hand, she makes her touch the true  
And of a thousand arrows chose the best:  
No feather better pois'd, a sharper head  
None had, and sooner none, and surer sped.  
He bends his bow, he draws it to his ear,  
Thro' Pluto's heart it drives, and fixes there.

#### THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

Near Enna's walls a spacious lake is spread,  
Fam'd for the sweetly-singing swans it bred;

Pergusa is its name: And never more 590

Were heard, or sweeter on Cayster's shore.

Woods crown the lake; and Phœbus ne'er invades

The tufted fences, or offends the shades :

Fresh fragrant breezes fan the verdant bow'rs,

And the moist ground smiles with enamell'd flow'rs.

The chearful birds their airy carols sing, 596

And the whole year is one eternal spring.

Here, while young Proserpine, among the maids,

Diverts herself in these delicious shades ;

While like a child with busy speed and care 600

She gathers lilies here, and vi'lets there;

While first to fill her little lap she strives,

Ull's grizzly monarch at the shade arrives ;

Sees her thus sporting on the flow'ry green,

And loves the blooming maid, as soon as seen. 605

His urgent flame impatient of delay ;

Swift as his thought he seiz'd the beauteous prey, }

And bore her in his sooty car away.

The frighted goddess to her mother cries,

But all in vain, for now far off she flies; 610

Far she behind her leaves her virgin train;

To them too cries, and cries to them in vain.

And, while with passion she repeats her call,

The vi'lets from her lap, and lilies fall :

She misses 'em, poor heart! and makes new moan;

Her lillies, ah! are lost, her vi'lets gone. 616

O'er hills, the ravisher, and vallies speeds,

By name encouraging his foamy steeds ;

He rattles o'er their necks the rusty reins,  
And ruffles with the stroke their shaggy manes. 62  
O'er lakes he whirls his flying wheels, and comes  
To the Palici breathing sulph'rous fumes.  
And thence to where the Bacchiads of renown  
Between unequal havens built their town;  
Where Arethusa, round th' imprison'd sea, 64  
Extends her crooked coast to Cyanè;  
The nymph who gave the neighb'ring lake a name,  
Of all Sicilian nymphs the first in fame.  
She from the waves advanc'd her beauteous head,  
The goddess knew, and thus to Pluto said; 66  
Farther thou shalt not with the virgin run;  
Ceres unwilling, canst thou be her son?  
The maid should be by sweet persuasion won.  
Force suits not with the softness of the fair;  
For, if great things with small I may compare, 68  
Me Anapis once lov'd; a milder course  
He took, and won me by his words, not force.

Then, stretching out her arms, she stopt his way  
But he impatient of the shortest stay,  
Throws to his dreadful steeds the slacken'd rein, 70  
And strikes his iron sceptre thro' the main;  
The depths profound thro' yielding waves he cleaves  
And to hell's centre a free passage leaves;  
Down sinks his chariot, and his realms of night  
The god soon reaches with a rapid flight. 72

## CYANÈ DISSOLVES TO A FOUNTAIN.

But still does Cyanè the rape bemoan,  
And with the goddess' wrongs laments her own;  
For the stol'n maid, and for her injur'd spring,  
Time to her trouble no relief can bring.  
In her sad heart a heavy load she bears, 650  
Till the dumb sorrow turns her all to tears.  
Her mingling waters with that fountain pass,  
Of which she late immortal goddess was.  
Her varied members to a fluid melt,  
A pliant softness in her bones is felt. 655  
Her wavy locks first drop away in dew,  
And liquid next her slender fingers grew.  
The body's change soon seizes its extreme,  
Her legs dissolve, and feet flow off in stream.  
Her arms, her back, her shoulders, and her side, 660  
Her swelling breasts in little currents glide.  
A silver liquor only now remains  
Within the channel of her purple veins;  
Nothing to fill love's grasp; her husband chaste  
Bathes in that bosom he before embrac'd. 665

## A BOY TRANSFORMED TO AN EFT.

Thus, while thro' all the earth, and all the main,  
Her daughter mournful Cereus sought in vain;  
Aurora, when with dewy looks she rose,  
Nor burnish'd vespèr found her in repose.



At Ætna's flaming mouth two pitchy pines 670  
To light her in her search at length she tines.  
Restless with these, thro' frosty night she goes,  
Nor fears the cutting winds, nor heeds the snows;  
And, when the morning star the day renews,  
From east to west her absent child pursues. 675

Thirsty at last by long fatigue she grows,  
But meets no spring, no riv'let near her flows.  
Then looking round, a lowly cottage spies,  
Smoking among the trees, and thither hies.  
The goddess knocking at the little door, 680  
'Twas open'd by a woman old and poor,  
Who, when she begg'd for water, gave her ale  
Brew'd long, but well preserv'd from being stale.  
The goddess drank; a chuffy lad was by,  
Who saw the liquor with a grudging eye, 685  
And grinning cries, She's greedy more than dry. }

Ceres, offended at his foul grimace,  
Flung what she had not drunk into his face.  
The sprinklings speckle where they hit the skin,  
And a long tail does from his body spin; 690  
His arms are turn'd to legs, and lest his size  
Should make him mischievous, and he might rise  
Against mankind, diminutives his frame,  
Less than a lizard, but in shape the same.  
Amaz'd the dame the wondrous sight beheld, 695  
And weeps, and fain would touch her quondam child.  
Yet her approach th' affrighted vermin shuns,  
And fast into the greatest crevice runs.



A name they gave him, which the spots exprest,  
That rose like \* stars, and varied all his breast. 700

What lands, what seas the goddess wander'd o'er,  
Were long to tell, for there remain'd no more.

Searching all round, her fruitless toil, she mourns,  
And with regret to Sicily returns.

At length, where Cyanè now flows, she came, 705

Who could have told her, were she still the same

As when she saw her daughter sink to hell,

But what she knows she wants a tongue to tell.

Yet this plain signal manifestly gave,

The virgin's girdle floating on a wave, 710

As late she dropt it from her slender waste,

When with her uncle thro' the deep she past.

Ceres the token by her grief confest,

And tore her golden hair, and beat her breast.

She knows not on what land her curse should fall,

But, as ingrate, alike upbraids them all, 716

Unworthy of her gifts; Trinacria most,

Where the last steps she found of what she lost.

The plough for this the vengeful goddess broke,

And with one death the ox, and owner struck. 720

In vain the fallow fields the peasant tills,

The seed, corrupted ere 'tis sown, she kills.

The fruitful soil, that once such harvests bore,

Now mocks the farmer's care, and teems no more.

And the rich grain which fills the furrow'd glade,

Rots in the seed, or shrivels in the blade; 726

\* stellio,

Or too much sun burns up, or too much rain  
Drowns, or black blights destroy the blasted plain;  
Or greedy birds the new-sown seed devour,  
Or Darnell, thistles, and a crop impure 730  
Of knotted grass along the acres stand,  
And spread their thriving roots thro' all the land.

Then from the waves soft Arethusa rears  
Her head, and back she flings her dropping hairs.  
O mother of the maid, whom thou so far 735  
Hast sought, of whom thou canst no tidings hear;  
O thou, she cry'd, who art to life a friend,  
Cease here thy search, and let thy labour end.  
Thy faithful Sicily's a guiltless clime,  
And should not suffer for another's crime; 740  
She neither knew, nor could prevent the deed—  
Nor think that for my country thus I plead;  
My country's Pisa, I'm an alien here,  
Yet these abodes to Elis I prefer, }  
No clime to me so sweet, no place so dear. 745  
These springs I Arethusa now possess,  
And this my seat, O gracious goddess, bless.  
This island why I love, and why I crost  
Such spacious seas to reach Ortygia's coast,  
To you I shall impart, when, void of care, 750  
Your heart's at ease, and you more fit to hear;  
When on your brow no pressing sorrow sits,  
For gay content alone such tales admits.  
When thro' earth's caverns I awhile have roll'd  
My waves, I rise, and here again behold 755

The long lost stars ; and, as I late did glide  
Near Styx, Proserpina there I espy'd.  
Fear still with grief might in her face be seen ;  
She still her rape laments ; yet, made a queen,  
Beneath those gloomy shades her sceptre sways, 760  
And ev'n th' infernal king her will obeys.

This heard, the goddess like a statue stood,  
Stupid with grief : and in that musing mood  
Continu'd long ; new cares awhile suppress  
The reigning pow'rs of her immortal breast. 765  
At last to Jove her daughter's sire she flies,  
And with her chariot cuts the crystal skies ;  
She comes in clouds and with dishevell'd hair,  
Standing before his throne, prefers her pray'r.

King of the gods, defend my blood and thine, 770  
And use it not the worse for being mine.

If I no more am gracious in thy sight,  
Be just, O Jove, and do thy daughter right.  
In vain I sought her the wide world around,  
And, when I most despair'd to find her, found. 775  
But how can I the fatal finding boast,  
By which I know she is for ever lost ?

Without her father's aid, what other pow'r  
Can to my arms the ravish'd maid restore ?  
Let him restore her, I'll the crime forgive, 780  
My child, tho' ravish'd, I'd with joy receive.  
Pity, your daughter with a thief should wed,  
Tho' mine, you think, deserves no better bed.

Jove thus replies ; it equally belongs  
 To both, to guard our common pledge from wrongs.  
 But if to things we proper names apply, 786  
 This hardly can be call'd an injury.  
 The theft is love ; nor need we blush to own  
 The thief, if I can judge, to be our son.  
 Had you of his desert no other proof, 790  
 To be Jove's brother is methinks enough.  
 Nor was my throne by worth superior got,  
 Heav'n fell to me, as hell to him, by lot :  
 If you are still resolv'd her loss to mourn,  
 And nothing less will serve than her return ; 795  
 Upon these terms she may again be yours,  
 (Th' irrevocable terms of fate, not ours)  
 Of Stygian food if she did never taste,  
 Hell's bounds may then, and only then, be past.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ASCALAPHUS  
 INTO AN OWL.

The goddess now, resolving to succeed, 800  
 Down to the gloomy shades descends with speed ;  
 But adverse fate had otherwise decreed. }  
 For, long before, her giddy thoughtless child  
 Had broke her fast, and all her projects spoil'd.  
 As in the garden's shady walks she stray'd, 805  
 A fair pomegranate charm'd the simple maid,  
 Hung in her way, and tempting her to taste,  
 She pluck'd the fruit, and took a short repast.

Seven times, a seed at once, she eat the food;  
The fact Ascalaphus had only view'd ; 810  
Whom Acheron begot in Stygian shades  
On Orphnè, fam'd among Avernial maids;  
He saw what past, and by discov'ring all,  
Detain'd the ravish'd nymph in cruel thrall.

But now a queen, she with resentment heard, 815  
And chang'd the vile informer to a bird.  
In Phlegeton's black stream her hand she dips,  
Sprinkles his head, and wets his babbling lips.  
Soon on his face, bedropt with magic dew,  
A change appear'd, and gawdy feathers grew. 820  
A crooked beak the place of nose supplies,  
Rounder his head, and larger are his eyes.  
His arms and body waste, but are supply'd  
With yellow pinions flagging on each side.  
His nails grow crooked, and are turn'd to  
claws, 825

And lazily along his heavy wings he draws.  
Ill-omen'd in his form, th' unlucky fowl,  
Abhorr'd by men, and call'd a screeching owl.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ACHELOUS TRANS-  
FORMED TO SIRENS.

Justly this punishment was due to him,  
And less had been too little for his crime ; 830  
But, O ye nymphs that from the flood descend,  
What fault of yours the gods could so offend,

With wings and claws your beauteous forms to spoil,  
Yet save your maiden face, and winning smile ?  
Were you not with her in Pergusa's bow'rs, 835  
When Proserpine went forth to gather flow'rs ?  
Since Pluto in his car the goddess caught,  
Have you not for her in each climate sought ?  
And when on land you long had search'd in vain,  
You wish'd for wings to cross the pathless main ; 840  
That earth and sea might witness to your care :  
The gods were easy, and return'd your pray'r ;  
With golden wing o'er foamy waves you fled,  
And to the sun your plummy glories spread.  
But, lest the soft enchantment of your songs, 845  
And the sweet music of your flatt'ring tongues  
Should quite be lost, (as courteous fates ordain)  
Your voice and virgin beauty still remain.  
Jove some amends for Ceres' loss to make,  
Yet willing Pluto should the joy partake, 850  
Gives 'em of Proserpine an equal share,  
Who, claim'd by both, with both divides the year.  
The goddess now in either empire sways,  
Six moons in hell, and six with Ceres stays.  
Her peevish temper's chang'd ; that sullen mind, 855  
Which made ev'n hell uneasy, now is kind.  
Her voice refines, her mien more sweet appears,  
Her forehead free from frowns, her eyes from tears.  
As when, with golden light, the conqu'ring day  
Thro' dusky exhalations clears a way. 860

Ceres her daughter's rape no longer mourn'd,  
But back to Arethusa's spring return'd ;  
And sitting on the margin, bid her tell  
From whence she came, and why a sacred well.

## THE STORY OF ARETHUSA.

Still were the purling waters, and the maid 865  
From the smooth surface rais'd her beauteous head,  
Wipes off the drops that from her tresses ran,  
And thus to tell Alpheus' loves began.

In Elis first I breath'd the living air,  
The chase was all my pleasure, all my care. 870  
None lov'd like me the forest to explore,  
To pitch the toils, and drive the bristled boar.  
Of fair, tho' masculine, I had the name,  
But gladly would to that have quitted claim :  
It less my pride than indignation rais'd, 875  
To hear the beauty I neglected prais'd ;  
Such compliments I loath'd, such charms as these  
I scorn'd, and thought it infamy to please.

Once, I remember, in the summer's heat,  
Tir'd with the chase, I sought a cool retreat ; 880  
And, walking on, a silent current found,  
Which gently glided o'er the grav'ly ground.  
The crystal water was so smooth, so clear,  
My eye distinguish'd ev'ry pebble there.  
So soft its motion, that I scarce perceiv'd 885  
The running stream, or what I saw, believ'd.



The hoary willow, and the poplar made  
Along the shelving bank a grateful shade.  
In the cool rivulet my feet I dipt,  
Then waded to the knee, and then I stript ;  
My robe I careless on an osier threw,  
That near the place commodiously grew ;  
Nor long upon the border naked stood,  
But plung'd with speed into the silver flood.  
My arms a thousand ways I mov'd, and try'd  
To quicken, if I cou'd, the lazy tide ;  
Where, while I play'd my swimming gambols o'er,  
I heard a murm'ring voice, and frighted sprung to  
Oh ! whither, Arethusa, dost thou fly ?  
From the brook's bottom did Alpheus cry ;  
Again, I heard him, in a hollow tone,  
Oh ! whither Arethusa, dost thou run ?  
Naked I flew, nor could I stay to hide  
My limbs, my robe was on the other side ;  
Alpheus follow'd fast, th' inflaming sight  
Quickened his speed, and made his labour light ;  
He sees me ready for his eager arms,  
And with a greedy glance devours my charms.  
As trembling doves from pressing danger fly,  
When the fierce hawk comes sousing from the sky ;  
And, as fierce hawks the trembling doves pursue,  
From him I fled, and after me he flew.  
First by Orchomenus I took my flight,  
And soon had Psophis and Cyllene in sight ;



Behind me then high Mænalus I lost, 915  
And craggy Erimanthus scal'd with frost;  
This was next; thus far the ground I trod  
With nimble feet, before the distanc'd god.  
But here I lagg'd, unable to sustain  
The labour longer, and my flight maintain; 920  
While he more strong, more patient of the toil,  
And fir'd with hopes of beauty's speedy spoil,  
Gain'd my lost ground, and by redoubled pace,  
Now left between us but a narrow space.  
Unweary'd I till now o'er hills, and plains, 925  
Over rocks, and rivers ran, and felt no pains:  
The sun behind me, and the god I kept,  
But, when I fastest should have run, I stept.  
Before my feet his shadow now appear'd;  
As what I saw, or rather what I fear'd. 930  
Yet there I could not be deceiv'd by fear,  
Who felt his breath pant on my braided hair, [near. }  
And heard his sounding tread, and knew him to be }  
Fir'd, and despairing, O celestial maid,  
When caught, I cry'd, without thy heav'nly aid. 935  
Help me, Diana, help a nymph forlorn, }  
Devoted to the woods, who long has worn }  
Thy livery, and long thy quiver borne. }  
The goddess heard; my pious pray'r prevail'd;  
The muffling clouds my virgin head was veil'd. 940  
The am'rous god, deluded of his hopes,  
Searches the gloom, and thro' the darkness gropes;

The hoary willow, and the poplar made  
Along the shelving bank a grateful shade.  
In the cool rivulet my feet I dipt,  
Then waded to the knee, and then I stript ; 890  
My robe I careless on an osier threw,  
That near the place commodiously grew ;  
Nor long upon the border naked stood,  
But plung'd with speed into the silver flood.  
My arms a thousand ways I mov'd, and try'd 895  
To quicken, if I cou'd, the lazy tide ;  
Where, while I play'd my swimming gambols o'er,  
I heard a murm'ring voice, and frighted sprung to  
Oh ! whither, Arethusa, dost thou fly ? [short.  
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 And fir'd with hopes of beauty's speedy spoil,  
 Gain'd my lost ground, and by redoubled pace,  
 Now left between us but a narrow space.  
 Unweary'd I till now o'er hills, and plains, 925  
 O'er rocks, and rivers ran, and felt no pains:  
 The sun behind me, and the god I kept,  
 But, when I fastest should have run, I stept.  
 Before my feet his shadow now appear'd;  
 As what I saw, or rather what I fear'd. 930  
 Yet there I could not be deceiv'd by fear,  
 Who felt his breath pant on my braided hair, [near. }  
 And heard his sounding tread, and knew him to be }  
 Fir'd, and despairing, O celestial maid,  
 When caught, I cry'd, without thy heav'nly aid. 935  
 Help me, Diana, help a nymph forlorn, }  
 Devoted to the woods, who long has worn }  
 Thy livery, and long thy quiver borne. }  
 The goddess heard; my pious pray'r prevail'd;  
 As muffling clouds my virgin head was veil'd. 940  
 The am'rous god, deluded of his hopes,  
 Searches the gloom, and thro' the darkness gropes;

Twice, where Diana did her servant hide  
He came, and twice, O Arethusa cry'd.  
How shaken was my soul, how sunk my heart ! 943  
The terror seiz'd on ev'ry trembling part.  
Thus when the wolf about the mountain prowls  
For prey, the lambkin hears his horrid howls :  
The tim'rous hare, the pack approaching nigh,  
Thus hearkens to the hounds, and trembles at the cry;  
Nor dares she stir, for fear her scented breath 951  
Direct the dogs, and guide the threaten'd death.  
Alpheus in the cloud no traces found  
To mark my way, yet stays to guard the ground.  
The god so near, a chilly sweat possest 955  
My fainting limbs, at ev'ry pore exprest ;  
My strength distill'd in drops, my hair in dew,  
My form was chang'd, and all my substance new.  
Each motion was a stream, and my whole frame  
Turn'd to a fount, which still preserves my name.  
Resolv'd I should not his embrace escape, 960  
Again the god resumes his fluid shape ;  
To mix his streams with mine he fondly tries,  
But still Diana his attempt denies,  
She cleaves the ground ; thro' caverns dark I run  
A diff'rent current, while he keeps his own. 965  
To dear Ortygia she conducts my way,  
And here I first review the welcome day.

Here Arethusa stopt ; then Ceres takes  
Her golden car, and yokes her fiery snakes ; 970

With a just rein, along mid-heav'n she flies  
 O'er earth, and seas, and cuts the yielding skies.  
 She halts at Athens, dropping like a star,  
 And to Triptolemus resigns her car.  
 Parent of seed, she gave him fruitful grain, 975  
 And bade him teach, to till and plough the plain;  
 The seed to sow, as well in fallow fields,  
 As where the soil manur'd a richer harvest yields.

### THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYNCUS.

The youth o'er Europe, and o'er Asia drives,  
 Till at the court of Lyncus he arrives. 980  
 The tyrant Scythia's barb'rous empire sway'd;  
 And, when he saw, Triptolemus, he said,  
 How cam'st thou, stranger, to our court, and why?  
 Thy country, and thy name? the youth did thus reply:  
 Triptolemus my name; my country's known 985  
 O'er all the world, Minerva's fav'rite town,  
 Athens, the first of cities in renown. }  
 By land I neither walk'd, nor sail'd by sea,  
 But hither thro' the Æther made my way.  
 By me, the goddess who the fields befriends, 990  
 These gifts, the greatest of all blessings, sends.  
 The grain she gives if in your soil you sow,  
 Thence wholesome food in golden crops shall grow.  
 Soon as the secret to the king was known,  
 He grudg'd the glory of the service done, 995  
 And wickedly resolv'd to make it all his own. }

To hide his purpose, he invites his guest,  
 The friend of Ceres, to a royal feast.  
 And when sweet sleep his heavy eyes had seiz'd,  
 The tyrant with his steel attempts his breast. 1000  
 Him straight a Lynx's shape the goddess gives,  
 And home the youth her sacred dragons drives.

### THE PIERIDES TRANSFORM'D TO MAG- PIES.

The chosen muse here ends her sacred lays ;  
 The nymphs unanimous decree the bays, 1004 }  
 And give the Heliconian goddesses the praise. }  
 Then, far from vain that we should thus prevail,  
 But much provok'd to hear the vanquish'd rail,  
 Calliopè resumes ; too long we've borne  
 Your daring taunts, and your affronting scorn ;  
 Your challenge justly merited a curse, 1010  
 And this unmanner'd railing makes it worse.  
 Since you refuse us calmly to enjoy  
 Our patience, next our passions we'll employ ;  
 The dictates of a mind enrag'd pursue,  
 And, what our just resentment bids us, do. 1015

The railers laugh, our threats and wrath despise,  
 And clap their hands, and make a scolding noise :  
 But in the fact they're seiz'd ; beneath their nails  
 Feathers they feel, and on their faces scales ;

Their horny beaks at once each other scare, 1020 }  
Their arms are plum'd, and on their backs they bear }  
Py'd wings, and flutter in the fleeting air. }  
Chatt'ring, the scandal of the woods they fly,  
And there continue still their clam'rous cry :  
The same their eloquence, as maids, or birds, 1025  
Now only noise, and nothing then but words.



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OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSES.  
BOOK VI.

---

TRANSLATED BY MR. CROXALL.

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THE TRANSFORMATION OF ARACHNE  
INTO A SPIDER.

---

PALLAS, attending to the muse's song,  
Approv'd the just resentment of their wrong;  
And thus reflects: while tamely I commend  
Those who their injur'd deities defend,  
My own divinity affronted stands, 5  
And calls aloud for justice at my hands;  
Then takes the hint, asham'd to lag behind,  
And on Arachné bends her vengeful mind;  
One at the loom so excellently skill'd,  
That to the goddess she refus'd to yield. 10  
Low was her birth, and small her native town,  
She from her art alone obtain'd renown.  
Idmon, her father, made it his employ,  
To give the spungy fleece a purple dye.

Of vulgar strain her mother, lately dead, 15  
With her own rank had been content to wed ;  
Yet she their daughter, tho' her time was spent  
In a small hamlet, and of mean descent,  
Thro' the great towns of Lydia gain'd a name,  
And fill'd the neighb'ring countries with her fame. 20

Oft, to admire the niceness of her skill,  
The nymphs would quit their fountain, shade, or hill:  
Thither, from green Tymolus, they repair,  
And leave the vineyards, their peculiar care ;  
Thither, from fam'd Pactolus' golden stream, 25  
Drawn by her art, the curious Naiads came.

Nor would the work, when finish'd, please so much,  
As, while she wrought, to view each graceful touch;  
Whether the shapeless wool in balls she wound,  
Or with quick motion turn'd the spindle round, 30  
Or with her pencil drew the neat design,  
Pallas her mistress shone in every line.

This the proud maid with scornful air denies,  
And ev'n the goddess at her work defies ;  
Disowns her heav'nly mistress ev'ry hour,  
Nor asks her aid, nor deprecates her pow'r.  
Let us, she cries, but to a trial come,  
And, if she conquers, let her fix my doom.

The goddess then a beldame's form put on,  
With silver hairs her hoary temples shone ;  
Propp'd by a staff, she hobbles in her walk,  
And tott'ring thus begins her old wive's talk.

15 Young maid attend, nor stubbornly despise  
The admonitions of the old, and wise ;  
For age, tho' scorn'd, a ripe experience bears, 45  
That golden fruit, unknown to blooming years :  
Still may remotest fame your labours crown,  
20 And mortals your superior genius own ;  
But to the goddess yield, and humbly meek  
A pardon for your bold presumption seek ; 50  
The goddess will forgive. At this the maid,  
With passion fir'd, her gliding shuttle stay'd ;  
25 And, darting vengeance with an angry look,  
To Pallas in disguise, thus fiercely spoke.

Thou doating thing, whose idle babbling tongue 55  
But too well shews the plague of living long ;  
Hence, and reprove, with this your sage advice,  
30 Your giddy daughter, or your awkward niece ;  
Know I despise your counsel, and am still  
A woman, ever wedded to my will ; 60  
And, if your skilful goddess better knows,  
Let her accept the trial I propose.

35 She does, impatient Pallas straight replies,  
And, cloath'd with heav'nly light, sprung from her  
odd disguise.

The nymphs, and virgins of the plain adore 65  
The awful goddess, and confess her pow'r ;  
4 The maid alone stood unappall'd ; yet show'd  
A transient blush, that for a moment glow'd,  
'Then disappear'd : as purple streaks adorn  
The op'ning beauties of the rosy morn ; 70

Till Phœbus rising prevalently bright,  
Allays the tincture with his silver light.  
Yet she persists, and obstinately great,  
In hopes of conquest hurries on her fate.  
The goddess now the challenge waves no more, 75  
Nor, kindly good, advises as before.  
Straight to their posts appointed both repair,  
And fix their threaded looms with equal care :  
Around the solid beam the web is ty'd,  
While hollow canes the parting warp divide ; 80  
Thro' which with nimble flight the shuttles play, }  
And for the woof prepare a ready way ; [slay. }  
The woof and warp unite, press'd by the toothy }  
Thus both, their mantles button'd to their breast,  
Their skilful fingers ply with willing haste, 85  
And work with pleasure ; while they cheer the eye  
With glowing purple of the Tyrian dye ;  
Or, justly intermixing shades with light,  
Their colourings insensibly unite.  
As when a show'r transpierc'd with sunny rays, 90  
It's mighty arch along the heav'n displays ;  
From whence a thousand diff'rent colours rise,  
Whose fine transition cheats the clearest eyes ;  
So like the intermingled shading seems,  
And only differs in the last extremes. 95  
Then threads of gold both artfully dispose,  
And, as each part in just proportion rose,  
Some antique fable in their work disclose. }

Pallas in figures wrought the heav'nly pow'rs,  
And Mars's hill among th' Athenian tow'rs. 100

On lofty thrones twice six celestials sate,  
Jove in the midst, and held their warm debate;  
The subject weighty, and well-known to fame,  
*From whom the city should receive its name.*

Each god by proper features was exprest, 105  
Jove with majestic mein excell'd the rest.

His three-fork'd mace the dewy sea-god shook,  
And, looking sternly, smote the ragged rock;  
When from the stone leapt forth a sprightly steed,  
And Neptune claims the city for the deed. 110

Herself she blazons with a glitt'ring spear,  
And crested helm that veil'd her braided hair,  
With shield, and scaly breast-plate, implements  
of war. }

Struck with her pointed lance, the teeming earth  
Seem'd to produce a new surprizing birth; 115  
When, from the glebe, the pledge of conquest sprung,  
A tree pale-green with fairest olives hung.

And then, to let her giddy rival learn  
What just rewards such boldness was to earn,  
Four trials at each corner had their part, 120  
Design'd in miniature, and touch'd with art.

Hæmus in one, and Rhodopè of Thrace,  
Transform'd to mountains, fill'd the foremost place;  
Who claim'd the titles of the gods above,  
And vainly us'd the epithets of Jove. 125

Another shew'd, where the Pigmæan dame,  
Profaning Juno's venerable name,  
Turn'd to an airy crane, descends from far,  
And with her pigmy subjects wages war.  
In a third part, the rage of heaven's great queen, 139  
Display'd on proud Antigone, was seen :  
Who with presumptuous boldness dar'd to vie,  
For beauty, with the empress of the sky.  
Ah ! what avails her ancient princely race,  
Her sire a king, and Troy her native place : 135  
Now, to a noisy stork transform'd, she flies,  
And with her whiten'd pinions cleaves the skies.  
And in the last remaining part was drawn  
Poor Cinyras, that seem'd to weep in stone ;  
Clasping the temple steps, he sadly mourn'd 140  
His lovely daughters now to marble turn'd.  
With her own tree the finish'd piece is crown'd,  
And wreaths of peaceful olive all the work surround.  
Arachnè drew the fam'd intrigues of Jove,  
Chang'd to a bull to gratify his love ; 145  
How thro' the briny tide all foaming hoar,  
Lovely Europa on his back he bore.  
The sea seem'd waving, and the trembling maid  
Shrunk up her tender feet, as if afraid ;  
And, looking back on the forsaken strand, 150  
To her companions wafts her distant hand.  
Next she design'd Asteria's fabled rape,  
When Jove assum'd a soaring eagle's shape :

And shew'd how Leda lay supinely press'd,  
Whilst the soft snowy swan sate hov'ring o'er her  
breast. 155

How in a satyr's form the god beguil'd,  
When fair Antiopè with twins he fill'd.  
Then, like Amphytrion, but a real Jove  
In fair Alemena's arms he cool'd his love.  
In fluid gold to Danæ's heart he came, 160  
Ægina felt him in a lambent flame.

He took Mnemosynè in shepherd's make,  
And for Dëois was a speckled snake.

She made thee, Neptune, like a wanton steer,  
Pacing the meads for love of Arné dear : 165  
Next like a stream, thy burning flame to slake,  
And like a ram, for fair Bisaltis' sake.

Then Ceres in a steed your vigour try'd,  
Nor cou'd the mare the yellow goddess hide.  
Next to a fowl transform'd, you won by force 170  
The snake-hair'd mother of the winged horse ;  
And, in a dolphin's fishy form, subdu'd  
Melantho sweet beneath the oozy flood.

All these the maid with lively features drew,  
And open'd proper landscapes to the view. 175  
There Phœbus, roving like a country swain,  
Attunes his jolly pipe along the plain ;  
For lovely Isse's sake in shepherd's weeds,  
O'er pastures green his bleating flock he feeds.  
There Bacchus, imag'd like the clust'ring grape, 180  
Melting bedrops Erigone's fair lap ;



And there old Saturn, stung with youthful heat,  
Form'd like a stallion, rushes to the feat.  
Fresh flow'rs, which twists of ivy interwine,  
Mingling a running foliage, close the neat design. 185

This the bright goddess, passionately mov'd,  
With envy saw, yet inwardly approv'd.  
The scene of heav'nly guilt with haste she tore,  
Nor longer the affront with patience bore ;  
A boxen shuttle in her hand she took, 190  
And more than once Arachne's forehead struck.  
Th' unhappy maid, impatient of the wrong,  
Down from a beam her injur'd person hung ;  
When Pallas, pitying her wretched state,  
At once prevented, and pronounc'd her fate ; 195  
Live ; but depend, vile wretch, the goddess cry'd,  
Doom'd in suspense for ever to be ty'd ;  
That all your race, to utmost date of time,  
May feel the vengeance, and detest the crime.

Then, going off, she sprinkled her with juice, 200  
Which leaves of baleful Aconite produce.  
Touch'd with the pois'nous drug, her flowing hair  
Fell to the ground, and left her temples bare ;  
Her usual features vanish'd from their place,  
Her body lessen'd all, but most her face. 205  
Her slender fingers, hanging on each side  
With many joints, the use of legs supply'd :  
A spider's bag the rest, from which she gives  
A thread, and still by constant weaving lives. 209



## THE STORY OF NIOBÈ.

Swift thro' the Phrygian towns the rumour flies,  
And the strange news each female tongue employs :  
Niobè, who before she married knew  
The famous nymph, now found the story true ;  
Yet, unreclaim'd by poor Arachnè's fate,  
Vainly above the gods assum'd a state. 215

Her husband's fame, their family's descent,  
Their pow'r, and rich dominion's wide extent,  
Might well have justify'd a decent pride ;  
But not on these alone the dame rely'd.  
Her lovely progeny, that far excell'd, 220  
The mother's heart with vain ambition swell'd :  
The happiest mother not unjustly styl'd,  
Had no conceited thoughts her tow'ring fancy fill'd,

For once a prophetess with zeal inspir'd,  
Their slow neglect to warm devotion fir'd ; 225  
Thro' ev'ry street of Thebes who ran possess'd,  
And thus in accents wild her charge express'd :  
Haste, haste, ye Theban matrons, and adore,  
With hallow'd rites, Latona's mighty pow'r ;  
And, to the heav'nly twins that from her spring, 230  
With laurel crown'd, your smoking incense bring.  
Straight the great summons ev'ry dame obey'd,  
And due submission to the goddess paid ;  
Graceful, with laurel chaplets dress'd, they came,  
And offer'd incense in the sacred flame. 235

Meanwhile, surrounded with a courtly guard,  
The royal Niobè in state appear'd ;  
Attir'd in robes embroider'd o'er with gold,  
And mad with rage, yet lovely to behold :  
Her comely tresses, trembling as she stood, 240  
Down her fine neck with easy motion flow'd ;  
Then, darting round a proud disdainful look,  
In haughty tone her hasty passion broke,  
And thus began ; what madness this, to court  
A goddess founded merely on report ? 245  
Dare ye a poor pretended pow'r invoke,  
While yet no altars to my godhead smoke ?  
Mine, whose immediate lineage stands confess'd  
From Tantalus, the only mortal guest  
That e'er the gods admitted to their feast. 250  
A sister of the Pleiads gave me birth ;  
And Atlas, mightiest mountain upon earth,  
Who bears the globe of all the stars above,  
My grandsire was, and Atlas sprung from Jove.  
The Theban towns my majesty adore, 255  
And neighb'ring Phrygia trembles at my pow'r :  
Rais'd by my husband's lute, with turrets crown'd,  
Our lofty city stands secur'd around.  
Within my court, where-e'er I turn my eyes,  
Unbounded treasures to my prospect rise : 260  
With these my face I modestly may name,  
As not unworthy of so high a claim ;  
Seven are my daughters, of a form divine,  
With seven fair sons, an indefective line.

Go, fools! consider this; and ask the cause 265  
 From which my pride its strong presumption draws;  
 Consider this; and then prefer to me

Cæus the Titan's vagrant progeny;  
 To whom, in travail, the whole spacious earth  
 No room afforded for her spurious birth. 270

Not the least part in earth, in heav'n, or seas,  
 Would grant your outlaw'd goddess any ease:  
 Till pitying her's, from his own wand'ring case,  
 Delos, the floating island, gave a place.  
 There she a mother was, of two at most; 275

Only the seventh part of what I boast.  
 My joys all are beyond suspicion fix'd;  
 With no pollutions of misfortune mix'd:  
 Safe on the basis of my pow'r I stand,  
 Above the reach of fortune's fickle hand. 280

Lessen she may my inexhausted store,  
 And much destroy, yet still must leave me more.

Suppose it possible that some may die  
 Of this my num'rous lovely progeny;  
 Still with Latona I might safely vie, 285

Who, by her scanty breed, scarce fit to name,  
 But just escapes the childless woman's shame.  
 Go then, with speed your laurel'd heads uncrown,  
 And leave the silly farce you have begun.

The tim'rous throng their sacred rites forbore, 290  
 And from their heads the verdant laurel tore;  
 Their haughty queen they with regret obey'd,  
 And still in gentle murmurs softly pray'd.

High, on the top of Cynthus' shady mount,  
 With grief the goddess saw the base affront ; 295  
 And, the abuse revolving in her breast,  
 The mother her twin-offspring thus address.

Lo I, my children, who with comfort knew  
 Your god-like birth, and thence my glory drew ;  
 And thence have claim'd precedence of place 300  
 From all but Juno of the heav'nly race,  
 Must now despair, and languish in disgrace.  
 My godhead question'd, and all rites divine,  
 Unless you succour, banish'd from my shrine.  
 Nay more, the imp of Tantalus has flung 305  
 Reflections with her vile paternal tongue ;  
 Has dar'd prefer her mortal breed to mine,  
 And call'd me childless ; which, just fate, may she  
 repine !

When to urge more the goddess was prepar'd,  
 Phœbus in haste replies, too much we've heard, 310  
 And ev'ry moment's lost, while vengeance is defer'd.  
 Diana spoke the same. Then both enshroud  
 Their heav'nly bodies in a sable cloud ;  
 And to the Theban tow'rs descending light,  
 Thro' the soft yielding air direct their flight. 315

Without the wall there lies a champaign ground  
 With even surface, far extending round,  
 Beaten and levell'd, while it daily feels  
 The trampling horse, and chariot's grinding wheels.  
 Part of proud Niobè's young rival breed, 320  
 Practising there to ride the manag'd steed,

Their bridles boss'd with gold, were mounted high  
 On stately furniture of Tyrian dye.  
 Of these, Ismenos, who by birth had been  
 The first fair issue of the fruitful queen, 325  
 Just as he drew the rein to guide his horse  
 Around the compass of the circling course,  
 Sigh'd deeply, and the pangs of smart express'd,  
 While the shaft stuck, engor'd within his breast :  
 And, the reins dropping from his dying hand, 330  
 He sunk quite down, and tumbled on the sand.  
 Sipylus next the rattling quiver heard,  
 And with full speed for his escape prepar'd ;  
 As when the pilot from the black'ning skies  
 A gath'ring storm of wintry rain describes, 335  
 His sails unfurl'd, and crowded all with wind,  
 He strives to leave the threat'ning cloud behind ;  
 So fled the youth ; but an unerring dart  
 O'ertook him, quick discharg'd, and sped with art ;  
 Fix'd in his neck behind, it trembling stood, 340  
 And at his throat display'd the point besmear'd with  
 Prone, as his posture was, he tumbled o'er, [blood.  
 And bath'd his courser's mane with streaming gore.  
 Next at young Phædimus they took their aim ;  
 And Tantalus, who bore his grandsire's name : 345  
 These, when their other exercise was done,  
 To try the wrestler's oily sport begun ;  
 And, straining ev'ry nerve, their skill express'd  
 In closest grapple, joining breast to breast :

When from the bending bow an arrow sent, 350  
Join'd as they were, thro' both their bodies went :  
Both groan'd, and writhing both their limbs with pain,  
They fell together bleeding on the plain ;  
Then both their languid eye-balls faintly roll,  
And thus together breath away their soul. 355  
With grief Alphenor saw their doleful plight,  
And smote his breast, and sicken'd at the sight ;  
Then to their succour ran with eager haste,  
And, fondly griev'd, their stiff'ning limbs embrac'd :  
But in the action falls : a thrilling dart, 360  
By Phœbus guided, pierc'd him to the heart.  
This, as they drew it forth, his midriff tore,  
It's barbed point the fleshy fragments bore,  
And let the soul gush out in streams of purple gore. }  
But Damasicthon, by a double wound, 365  
Beardless, and young, lay gasping on the ground.  
Fix'd in his sinewy ham, the steely point  
Stuck thro' his knee, and pierc'd the nervous joint :  
And, as he stoop'd to tug the painful dart,  
Another struck him in a vital part ; 370  
Shot through his wezen, by the wing it hung,  
The life-blood forc'd it out, and darting upward  
Ilioneus, the last, with terror stands, [sprung.  
Lifting in pray'r his unavailing hands ;  
And, ignorant from whom his griefs arise, 375  
Spare me, O all ye heav'nly pow'rs, he cries :  
Phœbus was touch'd too late, the sounding bow  
Had sent the shaft, and struck the fatal blow ;

Which yet but gently gor'd his tender side,  
So by a slight, and easy wound he dy'd. 380

Swift to the mother's ears the rumour came,  
And doleful sighs the heavy news proclaim ;  
With anger and surprise inflam'd by turns,  
In furious rage her haughty stomach burns :  
First she disputes th' effects of heav'nly pow'r, 385  
Then at their daring boldness wonders more ;

For poor Amphion with sore grief distress,  
Hoping to sooth his cares by endless rest,  
Had sheath'd a dagger in his wretched breast. }

And she, who toss'd her high disdainful head, 390  
When thro' the streets in solemn pomp she led  
The throng that from Latona's altar fled, }

Assuming state beyond the proudest queen ;  
Was now the miserablest object seen.

Prostrate among the clay-cold dead she fell, 395  
And kiss'd an undistinguish'd last farewell.

Then her pale arms advancing to the skies,  
Cruel Latona ! triumph now, she cries.

My grieving soul in bitter anguish drench,  
And with my woes your thirst' passion quench ; 400  
Feast your black malice at a price thus dear,

While the sore pangs of sev'n such deaths I bear.  
Triumph, too cruel rival, and display

Your conqu'ring standard ; for you've won the day.  
Yet I'll excel ; for yet, tho' sev'n are slain, 405

Superior still in number I remain.



Scarce had she spoke ; the bow-string's twanging  
    sound  
Was heard, and dealt fresh terrors all around ;  
Which all, but Niobè alone confound. }  
Stunn'd and obdurate by her load of grief, 410  
Insensible she sits, nor hopes relief.

Before the fun'ral biers, all weeping sad,  
Her daughters stood, in vests of sable clad.  
When one, surpriz'd, and stung with sudden smart,  
In vain attempts to draw the sticking dart ; 415  
But to grim death her blooming youth resigns,  
And o'er her brother's corpse her dying head reclines.  
This, to assuage her mother's anguish tries,  
And, silenc'd in the pious action, dies ;  
Shot by a secret arrow, wing'd with death, 420  
Her fault'ring lips but only gasp'd for breath.  
One, on her dying s'ster, breathes her last ;  
Vainly in flight another's hopes are plac'd :  
This hiding, from her fate a shelter seeks ;  
That trembling stands, and fills the air with shrieks.  
And all in vain ; for now all six had found 426  
Their way to death, each by a diff'rent wound.  
The last, with eager care the mother veil'd,  
Behind her spreading mantle close conceal'd,  
And with her body guarded, as a shield. 430 }  
Only for this, this youngest, I implore,  
Grant me this one request, I ask no more ;  
O grant me this ! she passionately cries,  
But while she speaks, the destin'd virgin dies.



## THE TRANSFORMATION OF NIOBÈ.

Widow'd, and childless, lamentable state ! 435  
A doleful sight, among the dead she sate;  
Harden'd with woes, a statue of despair,  
To ev'ry breath of wind unmov'd her hair;  
Her cheek still redd'ning, but its colour dead,  
Faded her eyes, and set within her head. 440  
No more her pliant tongue its motion keeps,  
But stands congeal'd within her frozen lips.  
Stagnate and dull, within her purple veins,  
Its current stopp'd, the lifeless blood remains.  
Her feet their usual offices refuse, 445  
Her arms and neck their graceful gestures lose ;  
Action, and life from ev'ry part are gone ;  
End ev'n her entrails turn to solid stone ;  
Yet still she weeps, and whirl'd by stormy winds,  
Borne thro' the air, her native country finds ; 450  
There fix'd, she stands upon a bleaky hill,  
There yet her marble cheeks eternal tears distil.

THE PEASANTS OF LYCIA TRANSFORMED  
TO FROGS.

Then all, reclaim'd by this example, show'd  
A due regard for each peculiar god :  
Both men and women their devoirs express'd, 455  
And great Latona's awful pow'r confess'd.  
Then, tracing instances of older time,  
To suit the nature of the present crime,

Thus one begins his tale.—Where Lycia yields  
A golden harvest from its fertile fields, 460  
Some churlish peasants, in the days of yore,  
Provok'd the goddess to exert her pow'r.  
The thing indeed the meanness of the place  
Has made obscure, surprising as it was ;  
But I myself once happen'd to behold 465  
This famous lake of which the story's told.  
My father then, worn out by length of days,  
Nor able to sustain the tedious ways,  
Me with a guide had sent the plains to roam,  
And drive his well-fed straggling heifers home. 470  
Here, as we saunter'd thro' the verdant meads,  
We spy'd a lake o'er-grown with trembling reeds,  
Whose wavy tops an op'ning scene disclose,  
From which an antique smoky altar rose.  
I, as my superstitious guide had done, 475  
Stopp'd short, and bless'd myself, and then went on ;  
Yet I enquir'd to whom the altar stood,  
Faunus, the Naïds, or some native god ?  
No Sylvan deity, my friend replies,  
Enshrin'd within this hallow'd altar lies : 480  
For this, O youth, to that fam'd goddess stands,  
Whom, at th' imperial Juno's rough commands,  
Of ev'ry quarter of the earth bereav'd,  
Delos, the floating isle, at length receiv'd.  
Who there, in spite of enemies, brought forth, 485  
Beneath an olive's shade, her great twin-birth.

Hence too she fled the furious step-dame's pow'r,  
And in her arms a double godhead bore;  
And now the borders of fair Lycia gain'd,  
Just when the summer solstice parch'd the land. 490  
With thirst the goddess languishing, no more  
Her empty'd breast would yield its milky store;  
When, from below, the smiling valley show'd  
A silver lake that in its bottom flow'd:  
A sort of clowns were reaping, near the bank, 495  
The bending osier, and the bullrush dank;  
The cresse, and water-lilly, fragrant weed,  
Whose juicy stalk the liquid fountains feed.  
The goddess came, and kneeling on the brink,  
Stoop'd at the fresh repast, prepar'd to drink. 500  
Then thus, being hinder'd by the rabble race,  
In accents mild expostulates the case.  
Water I only ask, and sure 'tis hard  
From nature's common rights to be debarr'd:  
This, as the genial sun, and vital air, 505  
Should flow alike to ev'ry creature's share,  
Yet still I ask, and as a favour crave,  
That, which a public bounty, nature gave.  
Nor do I seek my weary limbs to drench;  
Only, with one cool draught, my thirst I'd quench.  
Now from my throat the usual moisture dries, 511  
And ev'n my voice in broken accents dies:  
One draught as dear as life I should esteem,  
And water, now I thirst, would nectar seem.

Oh ! let my little babes your pity move,  
And melt your hearts to charitable love ;  
They (as by chance they did) extend to you  
Their little hands, and my request pursue.

Whom would these soft persuasions not subdue,  
Tho' the most rustic, and unmanner'd crew ?  
Yet they the goddess's request refuse,  
And with rude words reproachfully abuse :  
Nay more, with spiteful feet the villains trod  
O'er the soft bottom of the marshy flood, [mud.  
And blacken'd all the lake with clouds of rising

Her thirst by indignation was suppress'd ;  
Bent on revenge, the goddess stood confess'd.  
Her suppliant hands uplifting to the skies,  
For a redress, to heav'n she now applies.  
And, may you live, she passionately cry'd,  
Doom'd in that pool forever to abide.

The goddess has her wish ; for now they chuse  
To plunge and dive among the wat'ry ooze ;  
Sometimes they shew their head above the brim,  
And on the glassy surface spread to swim ;  
Often upon the bank their station take,  
Then spring, and leap into the coolly lake.  
Still, void of shame, they lead a clam'rous life,  
And, croaking, still scold on in endless strife ;  
Compell'd to live beneath the liquid stream,  
Where still they quarrel, and attempt to scream.  
Now, from their bloated throat, their voice puts on  
Imperfect murmurs in a hoarser tone ;

their noisy jaws, with bawling now grown wide,  
 an ugly sight ! extend on either side : 545  
 their motley back, streak'd with a list of green,  
 join'd to their head, without a neck is seen ;  
 and, with a belly broad and white, they look  
 like deer frogs, and still frequent the muddy brook.

THE FATE OF MARSYAS.

Scarce had the man this famous story told, 550  
 of vengeance on the Lycians shown of old,  
 When straight another pictures to their view  
 the Satyr's fate, whom angry Phœbus slew ;  
 Who, rais'd with high conceit, and puff'd with pride,  
 at his own pipe the skilful god defy'd. 555  
 Why do you tear me from myself he cries ?  
 Ah cruel ! must my skin be made the prize ?  
 This for a silly pipe ? he roaring said,  
 Mean while the skin from off his limbs was flay'd.  
 All bare and raw, one large continu'd wound, 560  
 With streams of blood his body bath'd the ground.  
 The blueish veins their trembling pulse disclos'd,  
 The stringy nerves lay naked, and expos'd ;  
 His guts appear'd, distinctly each express'd,  
 With ev'ry shining fibre of his breast. 565  
 The fauns, and sylvans, with the nymphs that rove  
 Among the satyrs in the shady grove ;  
 Olympus, known of old, and ev'ry swain  
 That fed, or flock, or herd upon the plain.

Bewail'd the loss; and with their tears that flow'd, 570  
A kindly moisture on the earth bestow'd;  
That soon, conjoin'd, and in a body rang'd,  
Sprung from the ground, to limpid water chang'd;  
Which, down thro' Phrygia's rocks, a mighty stream,  
Comes tumbling to the sea, and Marsya is its name.

### THE STORY OF PELOPS.

From these relations straight the people turn 576  
To present truths, and lost Amphion mourn:  
The mother most was blam'd, yet some relate  
That Pelops pity'd, and bewail'd her fate,  
And stript his clothes, and laid his shoulder bare, 580  
And made the iv'ry miracle appear.  
This shoulder, from the first, was form'd of flesh,  
As lively as the other, and as fresh;  
But, when the youth was by his father slain,  
The gods restor'd his mangled limbs again; 585  
Only that place which joins the neck, and arm,  
The rest untouch'd, was found to suffer harm:  
The loss of which an iv'ry piece sustain'd;  
And thus the youth his limbs, and life regain'd.

### THE STORY OF TEREUS, PROCNÈ, AND PHILOMELA.

To Thebes the neighb'ring princes all repair, 590  
And with condolence the misfortune share.

Each bord'ring state in solemn form address'd,  
 And each betimes a friendly grief express'd.  
 Argos, with Sparta's, and Mycenæ's towns,  
 And Calydon, yet free from fierce Diana's frowns.  
 Corinth for finest brass well fam'd of old, 596  
 Orthomenos for men of courage bold:  
 Cleonæ lying in the lowly dale,  
 And rich Messænè with its fertile vale:  
 Pylos, for Nestor's city after fam'd, 600  
 And Trœzen, not as yet from Pitheus nam'd.  
 And those fair cities, which are hemm'd around  
 By double seas within the Isthmian ground;  
 And those, which farther from the sea-coast stand,  
 Lodg'd in the bosom of the spacious land. 605  
 Who can believe it? Athens was the last:  
 Tho' for politeness fam'd for ages past.  
 For a straight siege, which then their walls enclos'd,  
 Such acts of kind humanity oppos'd:  
 And thick with ships, from foreign nations bound, 610  
 Sea-ward their city lay invested round.  
 These, with auxiliar forces led from far,  
 Tereus of Thrace, brave, and inur'd to war,  
 Had quite defeated, and obtain'd a name,  
 The warrior's due, among the sons of fame. 615  
 This, with his wealth, and pow'r, and ancient line,  
 From Mars deriv'd, Pandion's thoughts incline  
 His daughter Procnè with the prince to join. }  
 Nor Hymen, nor the Graces here preside  
 Nor Juno to befriend the blooming bride; 620



But fiends with fun'ral brands the process led,  
And furies waited at the genial bed:  
And all night long the screeching owl aloof,  
With baleful notes, sat brooding o'er the roof.  
With such ill omens was the match begun, 625  
That made them parents of a hopeful son.  
Now Thrace congratulates their seeming joy,  
And they, in thankful rites, their minds employ.  
If the fair queen's espousals pleas'd before,  
Itys, the new-born prince, now pleases more; 630  
And each bright day, the birth, and bridal feast,  
Were kept with hallow'd pomp above the rest.  
So far true happiness may lay conceal'd,  
When, by false lights, we fancy 'tis reveal'd!

Now, since their nuptials, had the golden sun 635  
Five courses round his ample zodiac run;  
When gentle Procnè thus her lord address'd,  
And spoke the secret wishes of her breast:  
If I, she said, have ever favour found,  
Let my petition with success be crown'd: 640  
Let me at Athens my dear sister see,  
Or let her come to Thrace, and visit me.  
And lest my father should her absence mourn,  
Promise that she shall make a quick return.  
With thanks I'd own the obligation due 645  
Only, O Tereus, to the gods, and you.

Now, ply'd with oar, and sail at his command,  
The nimble gallies reach'd th' Athenian land,



And anchor'd in the fam'd Piræan bay,  
While Tereus to the Palace takes his way ; 650  
The king salutes, and ceremonies past,  
Begins the fatal embassy at last ;  
The occasion of his voyage he declares,  
And, with his own, his wife's request prefers ;  
Asks leave that, only for a little space, 655  
Their lovely sister might embark for Thrace.

Thus, while he spoke, appear'd the royal maid,  
Bright Philomela, splendidly array'd ;  
But most attractive in her charming face,  
And comely person, turn'd with ev'ry grace : 660  
Like those fair nymphs, that are describ'd to rove  
Across the glades, and op'nings of the grove ;  
Only that these are dress'd for Sylvan sports,  
And less become the finery of courts.

Tereus beheld the virgin, and admir'd, 665  
And with the coals of burning lust was fir'd :  
Like crackling stubble, or the summer hay,  
When forked lightnings o'er the meadows play.  
Such charms in any breast might kindle love,  
But him the heats of inbred lewdness move ; 670  
To which, tho' Thrace is naturally prone,  
Yet his is still superior, and his own.  
Straight her attendants he designs to buy,  
And with large bribes her governess would try :  
Herself with ample gifts resolves to bend, 675  
And his whole kingdom in th' attempt expend :

Or, snatch'd away by force of arms, to bear,  
And justify the rape with open war.  
The boundless passion boils within his breast,  
And his projecting soul admits no rest. 680

And now, impatient of the least delay,  
By pleading Procnè's cause, he speeds his way :  
The eloquence of love his tongue inspires,  
And in his wife's, he speaks his own desires ;  
Hence all his importunities arise, 685  
And tears unmanly trickle from his eyes.

Ye gods ! what thick involving darkness blinds  
The stupid faculties of mortal minds !  
Tereus the credit of good-nature gains  
From these his crimes ; so well the villain feigns. 690  
And, unsuspecting of his base designs,  
In the request fair Philomela joins ;  
Her snowy arms her aged sire embrace,  
And clasp his neck with an endearing grace ;  
Only to see her sister she entreats, 695  
A seeming blessing, which a curse completes.  
Tereus surveys her with a luscious eye,  
And in his mind forestalls the blissful joy :  
Her circling arms a scene of lust inspire,  
And ev'ry kiss foment the raging fire. 700  
Fondly he wishes for the father's place,  
To feel, and to return the warm embrace ;  
Since not the nearest ties of filial blood  
Would damp his flame, and force him to be good,

At length, for both their sakes, the king agrees;  
And Philomela, on her bended knees ; 706  
Thanks him for what her fancy calls success,  
When cruel fate intends her nothing less.

Now Phœbus, hast'ning to ambrosial rest,  
His fiery steeds drove sloping down the west : 710  
The sculptur'd gold with sparkling wines was fill'd,  
And, with rich meats, each chearful table smil'd.  
Plenty, and mirth the royal banquet close,  
Then all retire to sleep, and sweet repose,  
But the lewd monarch, tho' withdrawn apart, 715  
Still feels love's poison rankling in his heart :  
Her face divine is stamp'd within his breast,  
Fancy imagines, and improves the rest :  
And thus, kept waking by intense desire,  
He nourishes his own prevailing fire. 720

Next day the good old king for Tereus sends,  
And to his charge the virgin recommends ;  
His hand with tears th' indulgent father press'd,  
Then spoke, and thus with tenderness address'd.

Since the kind instances of pious love, 725  
Do all pretence of obstacle remove ;  
Since Procnè's, and her own, with your request,  
O'er-rule the fears of a paternal breast ;  
With you, dear son, my daughter I entrust,  
And by the gods adjure you to be just ; 730  
By truth, and ev'ry consanguineal tie,  
To watch, and guard her with a father's eye.

And, since the least delay will tedious prove,  
In keeping from my sight the child I love,  
With speed return her, kindly to assuage 735  
The tedious troubles of my ling'ring age.  
And you, my Philomel, let it suffice,  
To know your sister's banish'd from my eyes ;  
If any sense of duty sways your mind,  
Let me from you the shortest absence find. 740  
He wept ; then kiss'd his child ; and while he speaks,  
The tears fall gently down his aged cheeks.  
Next, as a pledge of fealty, he demands,  
And, with a solemn charge, conjoins their hands :  
Then to his daughter, and his grandson sends, 745  
And by their mouth a blessing recommends ;  
While, in a voice with dire forebodings broke,  
Sobbing, and faint, the last farewell was spoke.

Now Philomela, scarce receiv'd on board,  
And in the royal gilded bark secur'd, 750  
Beheld the dashes of the bending oar,  
The ruffled sea, and the receding shore ;  
When straight (his joy impatient of disguise)  
We've gain'd our point, the rough barbarian cries ;  
Now I possess the dear, the blissful hour, 755  
And ev'ry wish subjected to my pow'r.  
Transports of lust his vicious thoughts employ,  
And he forbears, with pain, th' expected joy.  
His gloating eyes incessantly survey'd  
The virgin beauties of the lovely maid : 760

As when the bold rapacious bird of Jove,  
With crooked talons stooping from above,  
Has snatcht, and carry'd to his lofty nest  
A captive hare, with cruel gripe opprest ;  
Secure, with fix'd, and unrelenting eyes, 765  
He sits, and views the helpless, trembling prize.

Their vessels now had made th' intended land,  
And all with joy descend upon the strand ;  
When the false tyrant seiz'd the princely maid,  
And to a lodge in distant woods convey'd ; 770  
Pale, sinking, and distress'd with jealous fears,  
And asking for her sister all in tears.

The letcher, for enjoyment fully bent,  
No longer now conceal'd his base intent :  
But with rude haste the bloomy girl deflour'd, 775  
Tender, defenceless, and with ease o'erpower'd.

Her piercing accents to her sire complain,  
And to her absent sister, but in vain :  
In vain she importunes, with doleful cries,  
Each inattentive godhead of the skies. 780

She pants, and trembles, like the bleating prey,  
From some close-hunted wolf just snatch'd away ;  
That still, with fearful horror, looks around,  
And on its flank regards the bleeding wound.

Or, as the tim'rous dove, the danger o'er, 785  
Beholds her shining plumes besmear'd with gore,  
And, tho' delivered from the falcon's claw,  
Yet shivers, and retains a secret awe.

But when her mind a calm reflection shar'd,  
And all her scatter'd spirits were repair'd : 790  
Torn, and disorder'd while her tresses hung,  
Her livid hands, like one that mourn'd, she wrung;  
Then thus, with grief o'erwhelm'd her languid eyes,  
Savage, inhumane, cruel wretch! she cries ; 794  
Whom nor a parent's strict commands could move,  
Tho' charg'd, and utter'd with the tears of love;  
Nor virgin innocence, nor all that's due  
To the strong contract of the nuptial vow :  
Virtue, by this, in wild confusion's laid,  
And I compell'd to wrong my sister's bed ; 800  
Whilst you, regard'less of your marriage oath,  
With stains of incest have defil'd us both.  
Tho' I deserv'd some punishment to find,  
This was, ye gods, too cruel, and unkind.  
Yet, villain, to compleat your horrid guilt, 805  
Stab here, and let my tainted blood be spilt.  
Oh happy ! had it come, before I knew  
The curs'd embrace of vile perfidious you ;  
Then my pale ghost, pure from incestuous love,  
Had wander'd spotless thro' th' Elysian grove. 810  
But, if the gods above have pow'r to know,  
And judge those actions that are done below ;  
Unless the dreaded thunders of the sky,  
Like me, subdu'd, and violated lie ;  
Still my revenge shall take its proper time, 815  
And suit the baseness of your hellish crime.

My self, abandon'd, and devoid of shame,  
Thro' the wide world your actions will proclaim;  
Or tho' I'm prison'd in this lonely den,  
Obscur'd, and bury'd from the sight of men, 820  
My mournful voice the pitying rocks shall move,  
And my complainings echo thro' the grove.  
Hear me, O heav'n! and, if a god be there,  
Let him regard me, and accept my pray'r.

Struck with these words, the tyrant's guilty breast  
With fear, and anger, was, by turns, possess'd; 826  
Now, with remorse his conscience deeply stung,  
He drew the faulchion that beside him hung,  
And first her tender arms behind her bound,  
Then dragg'd her by the hair along the ground. 830  
The princess willingly her throat reclin'd,  
And view'd the steel with a contented mind;  
But soon her tongue the girding pinchers strain,  
With anguish, soon she feels the piercing pain:  
Oh father! father! she would fain have spoke, 835  
But the sharp torture her intention broke;  
In vain she tries, for now the blade has cut  
Her tongue sever off, close to the trembling root.  
The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,  
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound: 840  
And, as a serpent writhes his wounded train,  
Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain;  
The piece, while life remain'd, still trembled fast,  
And to its mistress pointed to the last.



Yet, after this so damn'd, and black a deed, 845  
 Fame (which I scarce can credit) has agreed,  
 That on her rifled charms, still void of shame,  
 He frequently indulg'd his lustful flame.

At last he ventures to his Procnè's sight,  
 Loaded with guilt, and cloy'd with long delight; 850  
 There, with feign'd grief, and false, dissembled sighs  
 Begins a formal narrative of lies;

Her sister's death he artfully declares,  
 Then weeps, and raises credit from his tears. 854

Her vest, with flow'rs of gold embroider'd o'er, }  
 With grief distress'd, the mournful matron tore, }  
 And a beseeeming suit of gloomy sable wore. }

With cost, an honorary tomb she rais'd,  
 And thus th' imaginary ghost appeas'd.

Deluded queen ! the fate of her you love, 860  
 Nor grief, nor pity, but revenge should move.

Thro' the twelve signs had pass'd the circling sun,  
 And round the compass of the zodiac run ;

What must unhappy Philomela do,  
 For ever subject to her keeper's view? 865

Huge walls of massy stone the lodge surround,  
 From her own mouth no way of speaking's found.

But all our wants be wit may be supply'd,  
 And art makes up, what fortune has denied :

With skill exact a Phrygian web she strung, 870  
 Fix'd to a loom that in her chamber hung,

Where in-wrought letters, upon white display'd,  
 In purple notes, her wretched case betray'd :

The piece, when finish'd, secretly she gave  
Into the charge of one poor menial slave ; 875  
And then, with gestures, made him understand,  
It must be safe convey'd to Procnè's hand.

The slave, with speed, the queen's apartment sought,  
And render'd up his charge, unknowing what he  
But when the cyphers, figur'd in each fold, [brought.  
Her sister's melancholy story told, 881

(Strange that she could !) with silence, she survey'd  
The tragic piece, and without weeping read :  
In such tumultuous haste her passions sprung,  
They choak'd her voice, and quite disarm'd her tongue.  
No room for female tears ; the furies rise, 886  
Darting vindictive glances from her eyes ;  
And, stung with rage, she bounds from place to place,  
While stern revenge sits low'ring in her face.

Now the triennial celebration came, 890  
Observ'd to Bacchus by each Thracian dame ;  
When, in the privacies of night retir'd,  
They act his rites, with sacred rapture fir'd :  
By night, the twinkling cymbals ring around,  
While the shrill notes from Rhodopè resound ; 895  
By night, the queen, disguis'd, forsakes the court,  
To mingle in the festival resort.

Leaves of the curling vine her temples shade,  
And, with a circling wreath, adorn her head :  
Adown her back the stag's rough spoils appear, 900  
Light on her shoulder leans a cornel spear.

Thus, in the fury of the god conceal'd,  
Procne her own mad headstrong passion veil'd ;  
Now, with her gang, to the thick wood she flies,  
And with religious yellings fills the skies ; 903  
The fatal lodge, as 'twere by chance, she seeks,  
And, thro' the bolted doors, an entrance breaks ;  
From thence, her sister snatching by the hand,  
Mask'd like the ranting Bacchanalian band,  
Within the limits of the court she drew, 910  
Shading, with ivy green, her outward hue.  
But Philomela, conscious of the place,  
Felt new reviving pangs of her disgrace ;  
A shiv'ring cold prevail'd in ev'ry part, 914  
And the chill'd blood ran trembling to her heart.  
Soon as the queen a fit retirement found,  
Stript of the garlands that her temples crown'd,  
She straight unveil'd her blushing sister's face,  
And fondly clasp'd her with a close embrace :  
But, in confusion lost, th' unhappy maid, 920  
With shame dejected, hung her drooping head,  
As guilty of a crime that stain'd her sister's bed.  
That speech, that should her injur'd virtue clear,  
And make her spotless innocence appear,  
Is now no more ; only her hands, and eyes 924  
Appeal, in signals, to the conscious skies.  
In Procne's breast the rising passions boil,  
And burst in anger with a mad recoil ;  
Her sister's ill-tim'd grief, with scorn, she blames,  
Then, in these furious words her rage proclaims.

Tears, unavailing, but defer our time, 931  
The stabbing sword must expiate the crime;  
Or worse, if wit, on bloody vengeance bent,  
A weapon more tormenting can invent.

O sister ! I've prepar'd my stubborn heart, 935  
To act some hellish, and unheard-of part ;  
Either the palace to surround with fire,  
And see the villain in the flames expire ;  
Or, with a knife, dig out his cursed eyes,  
Or, his false tongue with racking engines seize ;  
Or, cut away the part that injur'd you, 941  
And, thro' a thousand wounds, his guilty soul pursue.  
Tortures enough my passion has design'd,  
But the variety distracts my mind.

Awhile, thus wav'ring, stood the furious dame,  
When Itys fondling to his mother came ; 946  
From him the cruel fatal hint she took,  
She view'd him with a stern remorseless look ;  
Ah ! but too like thy wicked sire, she said,  
Forming the direful purpose in her head. 950  
At this a sullen grief her voice supprest,  
While silent passions struggle in her breast.

Now, at her lap arriv'd, the flatt'ring boy  
Salutes his parent with a smiling joy :  
About her neck his little arms are thrown, 955  
And he accosts her in a prattling tone.  
Then her tempestuous anger was allay'd,  
And in its full career her vengeance stay'd ;

While tender thoughts, in spite of passion, rise,  
And melting tears disarm her threat'ning eyes. 960  
But when she found the mother's easy heart,  
Too fondly swerving from th' intended part ;  
Her injur'd sister's face again she view'd :  
And, as by turns surveying both she stood,  
While this fond boy (she said) can thus express 965  
The moving accents of his fond address ;  
Why stands my sister of her tongue bereft,  
Forlorn, and sad, in speechless silence left ?  
O Procnè, see the fortune of your house ! 969  
Such is your fate, when match'd to such a spouse !  
Conjugal duty, if observ'd to him,  
Would change from virtue, and become a crime ;  
For all respect to Tereus must debase  
The noble blood of great Pandion's race. 974

Straight at these words, with big resentment fill'd,  
Furious her look, she flew, and seiz'd her child ;  
Like a fell tigress of the savage kind,  
That drags the tender suckling of the hind  
Thro' India's gloomy groves, where Ganges laves  
The shady scene, and rolls his streamy waves. 980

Now to a close apartment they were come  
Far off retir'd within the spacious dome ;  
When Procnè, on revengeful mischief bent,  
Home to his heart a piercing poniard sent.  
Itys, with rueful cries, but all too late, 985  
Holds out his hands, and deprecates his fate ;

Still at his mother's neck he fondly aims,  
And strives to melt her with endearing names ;  
Yet still the cruel mother perseveres,  
Nor with concern his bitter anguish hears. 990

This might suffice ; but Philomela too  
Across his throat a shining cutlass drew.  
Then both, with knives, dissect each quiv'ring part,  
And carve the butcher'd limbs with cruel art ; 994  
Which, whelm'd in boiling cauldrons o'er the fire,  
Or turn'd on spits, in steamy smoke aspire :  
While the long entries, with their slipp'ry floor,  
Run down in purple streams of clotted gore.

Ask'd by his wife to this inhuman feast,  
Tereus unknowingly is made a guest : 1000

Whilst she her plot the better to disguise,  
Stiles it some unknown mystic sacrifice ;  
And such the nature of the hallow'd rite,  
The wife her husband only could invite, [sight. }  
The slaves must all withdraw, and be debarr'd the }

Tereus, upon a throne of antique state, 1006

Loftily rais'd, before the banquet sate ;

And glutton like, luxuriously pleas'd,

With his own flesh his hungry maw appeas'd.

Nay, such a blindness o'er his senses falls, 1010

That he for Itys to the table calls.

When Procnè, now impatient to disclose

The joy that from her full revenge arose,

Cries out, in transports of a cruel mind,

Within your self your Itys you may find. 1015

Still at this puzzling answer, with surprise,  
Around the room he sends his curious eyes;  
And, as he still inquir'd, and call'd aloud,  
Fierce Philomela, all besmear'd with blood, 1019  
Her hands with murder stain'd, her spreading hair  
Hanging dishevell'd with a ghastly air,  
Stept forth, and flung full in the tyrant's face  
The head of Itys, goary as it was :  
Nor ever long'd so much to use her tongue, 1024  
And with a just reproach to vindicate her wrong.

The Thracian monarch from the table flings,  
While with his cries the vaulted parlour rings;  
His imprecations echo down to hell,  
And rouze the snaky furies from their Stygian cell.  
One while he labours to disgorge his breast, 1030  
And free his stomach from the cursed feast;  
Then, weeping o'er his lamentable doom,  
He stiles himself his son's sepulchral tomb.  
Now, with drawn sabre, and impetuous speed,  
In close pursuit he drives Pandion's breed; 1035  
Whose nimble feet spring with so swift a force  
Across the fields, they seem to wing their course.  
And now, on real wings themselves they raise,  
And steer their airy flight by diff'rent ways;  
One to the woodland's shady covert hies, 1040  
Around the smoky roof the other flies;  
Whose feathers yet the marks of murder stain,  
Where, stamp'd upon her breast, the crimson spots  
remain.



Tereus, through grief, and haste to be reveng'd,  
Shares the like fate, and to a bird is chang'd : 1045  
Fix'd on his head, the crested plumes appear,  
Long is his beak, and sharpen'd like a spear ;  
Thus arm'd, his looks his inward mind display,  
And, to a lapwing turn'd, he fans his way.

Exceeding trouble, for his children's fate, 1050  
Shorten'd Pandion's days, and chang'd his date ;  
Down to the shades below, with sorrow spent,  
An early, unexpected ghost he went.

#### BOREAS IN LOVE.

Erechtheus next th' Athenian sceptre sway'd,  
Whose rule the state with joint consent obey'd ;  
So mix'd his justice with his valour flow'd, 1056  
His reign one scene of princely goodness shew'd.  
Four hopeful youths, as many females bright,  
Sprung from his loins, and sooth'd him with delight.

Two of these sisters, of a lovelier air, 1060  
Excell'd the rest, tho' all the rest were fair.

Procris, to Cephalus in wedlock ty'd,  
Bless'd the young Sylvan with a blooming bride :  
For Orithyia Boreas suffer'd pain,  
For the coy maid su'd long, but su'd in vain : 1065  
Tereus his neighbour, and his Thracian blood,  
Against the match a main objection stood ;  
Which made his vows, and all his suppliant love,  
Empty as air, and ineffectual prove. 1069

But when he found his soothing flatt'ries fail,  
 Nor saw his soft addresses could avail;  
 Blust'ring with ire, he quickly has recourse  
 To rougher arts, and his own native force.  
 'Tis well, he said; such usage is my due,  
 When thus disguis'd by foreign ways I sue; 1075  
 When my stern airs, and fierceness I disclaim,  
 And sigh for love, ridiculously tame;  
 When soft addresses foolishly I try,  
 Nor my own stronger remedies apply.  
 By force and violence I chiefly live, 1080  
 By them the low'ring stormy tempests drive;  
 In foaming billows raise the hoary deep,  
 Wriche knotted oaks, and sandy desarts sweep;  
 Congeal the falling flakes of fleecy snow, 1084  
 And bruise, with ratling hail, the plains below.  
 I, and my brother-winds, when join'd above,  
 Thro' the waste champaign of the skies we rove,  
 With such a boist'rous full career engage,  
 That heav'n's whole concave thunders at our rage.  
 While, struck from nitrous clouds, fierce lightnings  
 play, 1090  
 Dart thro' the storm, and gild the gloomy day.  
 Or when, in subterraneous caverns pent,  
 My breath, against the hollow earth, is bent,  
 The quaking world above, and ghosts below, 1094  
 My mighty pow'r, by dear experience, know,  
 Tremble with fear, and dread the fatal blow.

This is the only cure to be apply'd,  
Thus to Erechtheus I should be ally'd;  
And thus the scornful virgin should be woo'd,  
Not by intreaty, but by force subdu'd. 1100

Boreas, in passion, spoke these huffing things,  
And, as he spoke, he shook his dreadful wings;  
At which, afar, the shiv'ring sea was fann'd,  
And the wide surface of the distant land :

His dusty mantle o'er the hills he drew, 1105

And swept the lowly vallies, as he flew;  
Then, with his yellow wings, embrac'd the maid,  
And, wrapt in dusky clouds, far off convey'd.

The sparkling blaze of love's prevailing fire 1109  
Shone brighter as he flew, and flam'd the higher.

And now the god, possess'd of his delight,  
To northern Thrace pursu'd his airy flight,  
Where the young ravish'd nymph became his bride,  
And soon the luscious sweets of wedlock try'd. 1114

Two lovely twins, th' effect of this embrace,  
Crown their soft labours, and their nuptials grace;

Who, like their mother, beautiful, and fair,  
Their father's strength, and feather'd pinions share :

Yet these, at first, were wanting, as 'tis said, 1119  
And after, as they grew, their shoulders spread.

Zethes and Calais, the pretty twins,  
Remain'd unflieg'd, while smooth their beardless  
chins;

But when, in time, the budding silver down  
Shaded their face, and on their cheeks was grown,

Two sprouting wings upon their shoulders sprung,  
Like those in birds that veil the callow young. 1125  
Then as their age advanc'd, and they began  
From greener youth to ripen into man,  
With Jason's Argonauts they cross'd the seas,  
Embark'd in quest of the fam'd golden fleece; 1130  
There, with the rest, the first frail vessel try'd,  
And boldly ventur'd on the swelling tide.

# OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

## BOOK VII.

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TRANSLATED BY MR. TATE AND MR. STONESTREET.

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### THE STORY OF MEDEA AND JASON.

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THE Argonauts now stemm'd the foaming tide,  
And to Arcadia's shore their course apply'd :  
Where sightless Phineus spent his age in grief,  
But Boreas' sons engage in his relief;  
And those unwelcome guests, the odious race      5  
Of Harpies, from the monarch's table chase.  
With Jason then they greater toils sustain,  
And Phasis' slimy banks at last they gain.

Here boldly they demand the golden prize  
Of Scythia's king, who sternly thus replies :      10  
That mighty labours they must first o'ercome,  
Or sail their Argo thence unfreighted home.

Meanwhile Medea, seiz'd with fierce desire,  
By reason strives to quench the raging fire ;

But strives in vain!—Some god (she said) withstands,  
 And reason's baffl'd counsel countermands. 16  
 What unseen pow'r does this disorder move?  
 'Tis love,—at least 'tis like, what men call love.  
 Else wherefore shou'd the king's commands appear  
 To me too hard?—But so indeed they are. 20  
 Why shou'd I for a stranger fear, lest he  
 Should perish, whom I did but lately see? }  
 His death or safety, what are they to me? }  
 Wretch, from thy virgin-breast this flame expel,  
 And soon—Oh could I, all would then be well! 25  
 But love, resistless love, my soul invades;  
 Discretion this, affection that persuades.  
 I see the right, and I approve it too,  
 Condemn the wrong,—and yet the wrong pursue.  
 Why, royal maid, shouldst thou desire to wed 30  
 A wanderer, and court a foreign bed?  
 Thy native land, tho' barb'rous, can present  
 A bridegroom worth a royal bride's consent:  
 And whether this advent'rer lives, or dies,  
 In fate, and fortune's fickle pleasure lies. 35  
 Yet may he live! for to the pow'rs above,  
 A virgin, led by no impulse of love, }  
 So just a suit may, for the guiltless, move. }  
 Whom would not Jason's valour, youth, and blood  
 Invite? or could these merits be withstood, 40  
 At least his charming person must incline  
 The hardest heart—I'm sure 'tis so with mine!

Yet, if I help him not, the flaming breath  
Of bulls, and earth-born foes must be his death.  
Or, should he through these dangers force his way,  
At last he must be made the dragon's prey. 46  
If no remorse for such distress I feel,  
I am a tigress, and my breast is steel.  
Why do I scruple then to see him slain,  
And with the tragic scene my eyes profane? 50  
My magic's art employ, not to assuage  
The savages, but to enflame their rage?  
His earth-born foes to fiercer fury move,  
And accessory to his murder prove?  
The gods forbid—But pray'rs are idle breath, 55  
When action only can prevent his death.  
Shall I betray my father, and the state,  
To intercept a rambling hero's fate;  
Who may sail off next hour, and sav'd from harms  
By my assistance, bless another's arms? 60  
Whilst I, not only of my hopes bereft,  
But to unpity'd punishment am left.  
If he is false, let the ungrateful bleed!  
But no such symptom in his looks I read.  
Nature would ne'er have lavish'd so much grace 65  
Upon his person, if his soul were base.  
Besides, he first shall plight his faith, and swear  
By all the gods; what therefore can'st thou fear?  
Medea haste, from danger set him free,  
Jason shall thy eternal debtor be; 70



And thou, his queen, with sov'reign state install'd,  
 By Grecian dames the kind preserver call'd.  
 Hence idle dreams, by love-sick fancy bred!  
 Wilt thou, Medea, by vain wishes led,  
 To sister, brother, father bid adieu? 75  
 Forsake thy country's gods, and country too?  
 My father's harsh, my brother but a child,  
 My sister rivals me, my country's wild;  
 And for its gods, the greatest of them all  
 Inspires my breast, and I obey his call. 80  
 That great endearments I forsake, is true,  
 But greater far the hopes that I pursue:  
 The pride of having sav'd the youths of Greece,  
 (Each life more precious than our golden fleece;)  
 A nobler soil by me shall be possess'd, 85  
 I shall see towns with arts, and manners blest;  
 And, what I prize above the world beside,  
 Enjoy my Jason—and when once his bride,  
 Be more than mortal, and to gods ally'd. }  
 They talk of hazards I must first sustain, 90  
 Of floating islands justling in the main;  
 Our tender bark expos'd to dreadful shocks  
 Of fierce Charybdis' gulf, and Scylla's rocks,  
 Where breaking waves in whirling eddies roll,  
 And rav'nous dogs that in deep caverns howl: 95  
 Amidst these terrors, while I lye possess'd  
 Of him I love, and lean on Jason's breast,  
 In tempests unconcern'd I will appear,  
 Or, only for my husband's safety fear.

Didst thou say husband?—can'st thou so deceive 100  
Thyself, fond maid, and thy own cheat believe?  
In vain thou striv'st to varnish o'er thy shame,  
And grace thy guilt with wedlock's sacred name.  
Pull off the cozz'ning masque, and oh! in time  
Discover, and avoid the fatal crime. 105

She ceas'd—the Graces now, with kind surprise, )  
And virtue's lovely train, before her eyes )  
Present themselves, and vanquish'd Cupid flies. }

She then retires to Hecate's shrine, that stood  
Far in the covert of a shady wood : 110

She finds the fury of her flames asswag'd,  
But, seeing Jason there, again they rag'd.  
Blushes, and paleness did by turns invade  
Her tender cheeks, and secret grief betray'd.

As fire, that sleeping under ashes lies, 115  
Fresh blown, and rous'd, does up in blazes rise,  
So flam'd the virgin's breast—  
New kindled by her lover's sparkling eyes. }

For chance, that day, had with uncommon grace  
Adorn'd the lovely youth, and through his face 120  
Display'd an air so pleasing, as might charm  
A goddess, and a vestal's bosom warm.

Her ravish'd eyes survey him o'er and o'er,  
As some gay wonder never seen before ;  
Transported to the skies she seems to be, 125  
And thinks she gazes on a deity.

But when he spoke, and prest her trembling hand,  
And did with tender words her aid demand,

With vows, and oaths to make her soon his bride,  
She wept a flood of tears, and thus reply'd : 130  
I see my error, yet to ruin move,  
Nor owe my fate to ignorance, but love :  
Your life I'll guard, and only crave of you  
To swear once more—and to your oath be true.  
He swears by Hecate he would all fulfil. 135  
And by her grandfather's prophetic skill,  
By ev'ry thing that doubting love could press,  
His present danger, and desir'd success.  
She credits him, and kindly does produce  
Enchanted herbs, and teaches him their use ; 140  
Their mystic names, and virtues he admires,  
And with his booty joyfully retires.

### THE DRAGON'S TEETH TRANSFORMED TO MEN.

Impatient for the wonders of the day,  
Aurora drives the loit'ring stars away.  
Now Mars's mount the pressing people fill, 145  
The crowd below, the nobles crown the hill ;  
The king himself high thron'd above the rest,  
With iv'ry scepter, and in purple drest.  
Forthwith the brass-hoof'd bulls are set at large,  
Whose furious nostrils sulph'rous flame discharge 150  
The blasted herbage by their breath expires ;  
As forges rumble with excessive fires,  
And furnaces with fiercer fury glow,  
When water on the panting mass ye throw ;

With such a noise from their convulsive breast, 155  
Thro' bellowing throats, the struggling vapour prest.

Yet Jason marches up without concern,  
While on th' adventurous youth the monsters turn  
Their glaring eyes, and, eager to engage, 159  
Brandish their steel-tipt horns in threat'ning rage:  
With brazen hoofs they beat the ground and choak  
The ambient air with clouds of dust and smoke:  
Each gazing Grecian for his champion shakes,  
While bold advances he securely makes  
Thro' singing blasts; such wonders magic art 165  
Can work, when love conspires, and plays his part.  
The passive savages like statues stand,  
While he their dew-laps strokes with soothing hand;  
To unknown yokes their brawny necks they yield,  
And, like tame oxen, plough the wond'ring field. 170  
The Colchians stare; the Grecians shout, and raise  
Their champion's courage with inspiring praise.

Embolden'd now, on fresh attempts he goes,  
With serpent's teeth the fertile furrows sows;  
The glebe, fermenting with enchanted juice, 175  
Makes the snake's teeth a human crop produce.  
For as an infant, pris'ner to the womb,  
Contented sleeps, 'till to perfection come,  
Then does the cell's obscure confinement scorn,  
He tosses, throbs, and presses to be born; 180  
So from the lab'ring earth no single birth,  
But a whole troop of lusty youths rush forth;

And, what's more strange, with martial fury warm'd,  
And for encounter all completely arm'd ;  
In rank and file, as they were sow'd, they stand, 185  
Impatient for the signal of command.

No foe but the *Æmonian* youth appears ;  
At him they level their steel-pointed spears ;  
His frightened friends, who triumph'd just before,  
With peals of sighs his desp'rate case deplore : 190  
And where such hardy warriors are afraid,  
What must the tender and enamour'd maid ?  
Her spirits sink, the blood her cheek forsook ;  
She fears, who for his safety undertook :  
She knew the virtue of the spells she gave, 195  
She knew their force, and knew her lover brave ;  
But what's a single champion to an host ?  
Yet scorning thus to see him tamely lost,  
Her strong reserve of secret arts she brings,  
And last, her never-failing song she sings. 200  
Wonders ensue ; among his gazing foes  
The massy fragment of a rock he throws ;  
This charm in civil war engag'd 'em all ;  
By mutual wounds those earth-born brothers fall.

The Greeks, transported with the strange success,  
Leap from their seats the conqu'ror to caress ; 206  
Commend, and kiss, and clasp him in their arms :  
So would the kind contriver of the charms ;  
But her, who felt the tenderest concern,  
Honour condemns in secret flames to burn ; 210

Committed to a double guard of fame,  
Aw'd by a virgin's, and a princess' name.  
But thoughts are free, and fancy unconfin'd,  
She kisses, courts, and hugs him in her mind ;  
To fav'ring pow'rs her silent thanks she gives, 215  
By whose indulgence her lov'd hero lives.

One labour more remains, and tho' the last,  
In danger far surmounting all the past ;  
That enterprize by fates in store was kept,  
To make the dragon sleep, that never slept, 220  
Whose crest shoots dreadful lustre ; from his jaws  
A triple tire of forked stings he draws,  
With fangs, and wings of a prodigious size :  
Such was the guardian of the golden prize.  
Yet him, besprinkled with Lethean dew, 225  
The fair enchantress into slumber threw ;  
And then, to fix him, thrice she did repeat  
The rhyme, that makes the raging winds retreat ;  
In stormy seas can halcyon seasons make,  
Turn rapid streams into a standing lake ; 230  
While the soft guest his drowzy eye-lids seals,  
Th' unguarded golden fleece the stranger steals ;  
Proud to possess the purchase of his toil,  
Proud of his royal bride, the richer spoil ;  
To sea both prize, and patroness he bore, 235  
And lands trimphant on his native shore.

## OLD ÆSON RESTORED TO YOUTH.

Æmonian matrons, who their absence mourn'd,  
 Rejoice to see their prosp'rous sons return'd :  
 Rich curling fumes of incense feast the skies,  
 An hecatomb of voted victims dies, 240  
 With gilded horns, and garlands on their head,  
 And all the pomp of death, to th' altar led.  
 Congratulating bowls go briskly round,  
 Triumphant shouts in louder music drown'd.  
 Amidst these revels, why that cloud of care 245 }  
 On Jason's brow ? (to whom the largest share  
 Of mirth was due)—His father was not there. }  
 Æson was absent, once the young, and brave,  
 Now crush'd with years, and bending to the grave.  
 At last withdrawn, and by the crowd unseen, 250 }  
 Pressing her hand, with starting sighs between) }  
 He supplicates his kind, and skilful queen.

O patroness ! preserver of my life !  
 (Dear when my mistress, and much dearer wife)  
 Your favours to so vast a sum amount, 255  
 'Tis past the pow'r of numbers to recount ;  
 Or cou'd they be to computation brought,  
 The history would a romance be thought :  
 And yet, unless you had one favour more,  
 Greater than all that you conferr'd before, 260  
 But not too hard for love and magic skill,  
 Your past are thrown away, and Jason's wretched still.



The morning of my life is just begun,  
But my declining father's race is run;  
From my large stock retrench the long arrears, 265  
And add them to expiring Æson's years.

Thus spake the gen'rous youth, and wept the rest.  
Mov'd with the piety of his request,  
To his ag'd sire such filial duty shown,  
So diff'rent from her treatment of her own, 270  
But still endeav'ring her remorse to hide,  
She check'd her rising sighs, and thus reply'd.

How could the thought of such inhuman wrong  
Escape (said she) from pious Jason's tongue?  
Does the whole world another Jason bear, 275  
Whose life Medea can to yours prefer?  
Or could I with so dire a change dispense,  
Hecate will never join in that offence:  
Unjust is the request you make, and I,  
In kindness your petition shall deny; 280  
Yet she that grants not what you do implore,  
Shall yet essay to give her Jason more;  
Find means t' encrease the stock of Æson's years,  
Without retrenchment of your life's arrears;  
Provided that the triple goddess join 285  
A strong confed'rate in my bold design.

Thus was her enterprize resolv'd; but still  
Three tedious nights are wanting to fulfil  
The circling crescents of th' encreasing moon;  
Then, in the height of her nocturnal noon, 290

Medea steals from court ; her ancles bare,  
 Her garments closely girt, but loose her hair ;  
 Thus sally'd, like a solitary sprite,  
 She traverses the terrors of the night.

Men, beasts, and birds in soft repose lay charm'd, 295  
 No boist'rous wind the mountain-woods alarm'd ;  
 Nor did those walks of love, the myrtle trees,  
 Of am'rous Zephyr hear the whisp'ring breeze ;  
 All elements chain'd in unactive rest,  
 No sense but what the twinkling stars exprest ; 300  
 To them (that only wak'd) she rears her arms,  
 And thus commences her mysterious charms.

She turn'd her thrice about, as oft she threw  
 On her pale tresses the nocturnal dew ;  
 Then yelling thrice a most enormous sound, 305  
 Her bare knee bended on the flinty ground.  
 O night (said she) thou confidant and guide  
 Of secrets, such as darkness ought to hide ;  
 Ye stars and moon, that, when the sun retires,  
 Support his empire with succeeding fires ; 310  
 And thou, great Hecate, friend to my design ;  
 Songs, mutt'ring spells, your magic forces join ;  
 And thou, O earth, the magazine that yields  
 The midnight sorcerer drugs ; skies, mountains, fields ;  
 Ye wat'ry pow'rs of fountain, stream, and lake ; 315  
 Ye sylvan gods, and gods of night, awake,  
 And gen'rously your parts in my adventure take. }

Oft by your aid swift currents I have led  
 Thro' wand'ring banks, back to their fountain head ;

Transform'd the prospect of the briny deep, 320  
Made sleeping billows rave, and raving billows sleep;  
Made clouds, or sunshine ; tempests rise, or fall;  
And stubborn lawless winds obey my call :  
With mutter'd words disarm'd the viper's jaw,  
Up by the roots vast oaks, and rocks could draw ; 325  
Make forests dance, and trembling mountains come, }  
Like malefactors, to receive their doom ; }  
Earth groan, and frighted ghosts forsake their tomb. }  
Thee, Cynthia, my resistless rhymes drew down,  
When tinkling cymbals strove my voice to drown ;  
Nor stronger Titan could their force sustain, 331  
In full career compell'd to stop his wain :  
Nor could Aurora's virgin blush avail,  
With pois'nous herbs I turn'd her roses pale ;  
The fury of the fiery bulls I broke, 335  
Their stubborn necks submitting to my yoke ;  
And when the sons of earth with fury burn'd,  
Their hostile rage upon themselves I turn'd ;  
The brothers made with mutual wounds to bleed,  
And by their fatal strife my lover freed ; 340  
And, while the dragon slept, to distant Greece,  
Thro' cheated guards, conveyed the golden fleece.  
But now to bolder action I proceed,  
Of such prevailing juices now have need,  
That wither'd years back to their bloom can bring,  
And in dead winter raise a second spring. 346  
And you'll perform't—

You will ; for lo! the stars, with sparkling fires,  
Presage as bright success to my desires:

And now another happy omen see!

350

A chariot drawn by dragons waits for me.

With these last words she leaps into the wain,  
Strokes the snakes necks, and shakes the golden reins;

That signal giv'n, they mount her to the skies,

And now beneath her fruitful Tempè lies, 355

Whose stores she ransacks, then to Crete she flies;

There Ossa, Pelion, Othrys, Pindus, all

To the fair ravisher a booty fall;

The tribute of their verdure she collects,

Nor proud Olympus' height his plants protects. 360

Some by the roots she plucks; the tender tops

Of others with her culling sickle crops.

Nor could the plunder of the hills suffice,

Down to the humble vales, and meads she flies;

Apidanus, Amphrysus, the next rape

365

Sustain, nor could Enipeus' banks escape;

Thro' Beebè's marsh, and thro' the border rang'd

Whose pasture Glaucus to a Triton chang'd.

Now the ninth day, and ninth successive night,

Had wonder'd at the restless rover's flight; 370

Meanwhile her dragons, fed with no repast,

But her exhaling simples od'rous blast,

Their tarnish'd scales, and wrinkled skins had cast. 375

At last return'd before her palace gate,

Quitting her chariot, on the ground she sate, 375

The sky her only canopy of state.

All conversation with her sex she fled,  
Shunn'd the caresses of the nuptial bed :

Two altars next of grassy turf she rears, 379

This Hecate's name, that youth's inscription bears;  
With forest-boughs, and vervain these she crown'd ;

Then delves a double trench in lower ground,

And sticks a black-fleec'd ram, that ready stood,

And drench'd the ditches with devoted blood : 384

New wine she pours, and milk from th' udder warm,

With mystic murmurs to complete the charm,

And subterranean deities alarm. }

To the stern king of ghosts she next apply'd,

And gentle Proserpine, his ravish'd bride,

That for old Æson with the laws of fate 390

They would dispense, and lengthen his short date ;

Thus with repeated pray'rs she long assails

Th' infernal tyrant, and at last prevails ;

Then calls to have decrepit Æson brought,

And stupifies him with a sleeping draught ; 395

On earth his body, like a corpse, extends,

Then charges Jason and his waiting friends

To quit the place, that no unhallow'd eye

Into her art's forbidden secrets pry.

This done, th' enchantress, with her locks unbound,

About her altars trips a frantic round ; 401

Piece-meal the consecrated wood she splits,

And dips the splinters in the bloody pits,

Then hurls 'em on the piles ; the sleeping sire

She lustrates thrice, with sulphur, water, fire. 405

In a large cauldron now the med'cine boils,  
Compounded of her late collected spoils,  
Blending into the mash the various pow'rs  
Of wonder-working juices, roots, and flow'rs;  
With gems i' th' eastern ocean's cell refin'd, 410  
And such as ebbing tides had left behind;  
To them the midnight's pearly dew she flings,  
A screech-owl's carcass, and ill-boding wings;  
Nor could the wizard wolf's warm entrails 'scape,  
(That wolf who counterfeits a human shape.) 415  
Then, from the bottom of her conj'ring bag,  
Snakes skins, and liver of a long-liv'd stag;  
Last a crow's head to such an age arriv'd,  
That he had now nine centuries surviv'd;  
These, and with these a thousand more that grew 420  
In sundry soils, into her pot she threw;  
Then with a wither'd olive-bough she rakes  
The bubbling broth; the bough fresh verdure takes;  
Green leaves at first the perish'd plant surround, 424  
Which the next minute with ripe fruit were crown'd.  
The foaming juices now the brink o'er-swell;  
The barren heath, where e'er the liquor fell,  
Sprang out with vernal grass, and all the pride  
Of blooming May.—When this Medea spy'd,  
She cuts her patient's throat; th' exhausted blood  
Recruiting with her new enchanted flood; 431  
While at his mouth, and thro' his op'ning wound,  
A double inlet her infusion found;

His feeble frame resumes a youthful air,  
 A glossy brown his hoary beard and hair. 435  
 The meagre paleness from his aspect fled,  
 And in its room sprang up a florid red ;  
 'Thro' all his limbs a youthful vigour flies,  
 His empty'd art'ries swell with fresh supplies :  
 Gazing spectators scarce believe their eyes. 440  
 But Æson is the most surpris'd to find  
 A happy change in body, and in mind ;  
 In sense and constitution the same man,  
 As when his fortieth active year began.  
 Bacchus, who from the clouds this wonder view'd,  
 Medea's method instantly pursu'd, 446  
 And his indulgent nurse's youth renew'd.

## THE DEATH OF PELIAS.

Thus far obliging love employ'd her art,  
 But now revenge must act a tragic part ;  
 Medea feigns a mortal quarrel bred 450  
 Betwixt her, and the partner of her bed ;  
 On this pretence to Pelias' court she flies,  
 Who languishing with age and sickness lies :  
 His guiltless daughters, with inveigling wiles,  
 And well-dissembled friendship, she beguiles : 455  
 The strange achievements of her art she tells,  
 With Æson's cure, and long on that she dwells,  
 Till them to firm persuasion she has won,  
 The same for their old father may be done :



For him they court her to employ her skill, 460  
And put upon the cure, what price she will.  
At first she's mute, and with a grave pretence  
Of difficulty, holds 'em in suspense;  
Then promises, and bids 'em, from the fold  
Chuse out a ram, the most infirm and old; 465  
That so by fact their doubts may be remov'd,  
And first, on him, the operation prov'd.

A wreath-horn'd ram is brought, so far o'er-grown  
With years, his age was to that age unknown;  
Of sense too dull the piercing point to feel, 470  
And scarce sufficient blood to stain the steel.  
His carcase she into a cauldron threw,  
With drugs whose vital qualities she knew;  
His limbs grew less, he casts his horns, and years,  
And tender bleatings strike their wond'ring ears. 475  
Then instantly leaps forth a frisking lamb,  
That seeks (too young to graze) a suckling dam.  
The sisters, thus confirm'd with the success,  
Her promise with renew'd entreaty press;  
To countenance the cheat, three nights and days 480  
Before experiment th' enchantress stays;  
Then into limpid water, from the springs,  
Weeds, and ingredients of no force she flings;  
With antique ceremonies for pretence,  
And rambling rhymes without a word of sense. 485  
Meanwhile the king with all his guards lay bound  
In magic sleep, scarce that of death so sound;

The daughters now are by the sorc'ress led  
Into his chamber, and surround his bed.  
Your father's health's concern'd, and can ye stay?  
Unnat'ral nymphs, why this unkind delay? 491  
Unsheath your swords, dismiss his lifeless blood,  
And I'll recruit it with a vital flood:  
Your father's life and health is in your hand.  
And can ye thus like idle gazers stand? 495  
Unless you are of common sense bereft,  
If yet one spark of piety is left,  
Dispatch a father's cure, and disengage  
The monarch from his toilsome load of age:  
Come—drench your weapons in this putrid gore; 500  
'Tis charity to wound, when wounding will restore.  
Thus urg'd, the poor deluded maids proceed, }  
Betray'd by zeal, to an inhuman deed, }  
And, in compassion, make a father bleed. }  
Yes, she who had the kindest, tend'rest heart, 505  
Is foremost to perform the bloody part.  
Yet, tho' to act the butchery betray'd,  
They could not bear to see the wounds they made;  
With looks averted, backward they advance,  
Then strike, and stab, and leave the blows to chance.  
Waking in consternation, he essays 511  
(Weltring in blood) his feeble arms to raise:  
Environ'd with so many swords.—From whence  
This barb'rous usage? What is my offence?  
What fatal fury, what infernal charm, 515  
Gainst a kind father does his daughters arm?

Hearing his voice, as thunder-struck, they stopt,  
Their resolution, and their weapons dropt :

Medea then the mortal blow bestows,  
And that perform'd, the tragic scene to close, 520  
His corpse into the boiling cauldron throws.

Then, dreading the revenge that must ensue,  
High mounted on her dragon-coach she flew ;  
And in her stately progress thro' the skies,  
Beneath her shady Pelion first she spies, 525  
With Othrys, that above the clouds did risé ;  
With skilful Chiron's cave, and neighb'ring ground,  
For old Cerambus' strange escape renown'd,  
By nymphs deliver'd, when the world was drown'd ;  
Who him with unexpected wings supply'd, 530  
When delug'd hills a safe retreat deny'd.

Æolian Pitanè on her left hand  
She saw, and there the statu'd dragon stand ;  
With Ida's grove, where Bacchus, to disguise  
His son's bold theft, and to secure the prize, 535  
Made the stol'n steer a stag to represent

Cocytus' father's sandy monument ;  
And fields that held the murder'd sire's remains,  
Where howling Mœra frights the startled plains.  
Euryphilus' high town, with tow'rs defac'd 540

By Hercules, and matrons more disgrac'd  
With sprouting horns, in signal punishment,  
From Juno, or resenting Venus sent.

Then Rhodes, which Phœbus did so dearly prize,  
And Jove no less severely did chastise; 545

For he the wizard native's pois'ning sight,  
That us'd the farmer's hopeful crops to blight,  
In rage o'erwhelm'd with everlasting night. }  
Cartheia's ancient walls come next in view,  
Where once the sire almost a statue grew 550  
With wonder, which a strange event did move,  
His daughter turn'd into a turtle-dove.  
Then Hyrie's lake, and Tempè's field o'er ran,  
Fam'd for the boy who there became a swan;  
For there enamour'd Phyllius, like a slave, 555  
Perform'd what tasks his paramour would crave.  
For presents he had mountain-vultures caught,  
And from the desert a tame lion brought;  
Then a wild bull commanded to subdue,  
The conquer'd savage by the horns he drew; 560  
But, mock'd so oft, the treatment he disdains,  
And from the craving boy this prize detains.  
Then thus in choler the resenting lad;  
Won't you deliver him?—You'll wish you had;  
Nor sooner said, but, in a peevish mood, 565  
Leapt from the precipice on which he stood:  
The standers-by were struck with fresh surprize, }  
Instead of falling, to behold him rise }  
A snowy swan, and soaring to the skies.  
But dearly the rash prank his mother cost, 570  
Who ignorantly gave her son for lost;  
For his misfortune wept, till she became  
A lake, and still renown'd with Hyrie's name.

Thence to Latona's isle, where once were seen,  
Transform'd to birds, a monarch, and his queen. 575  
Far off she saw how old Cephisus mourn'd  
His son, into a seal by Phœbus turn'd;  
And where, astonish'd at a stranger sight,  
Eumelus gaz'd on his wing'd daughter's flight.

Ætolian Pleuron she did next survey, 580 }  
Where sons a mother's murder did essay,  
But sudden plumes the matron bore away. }  
On her right hand, Cyllenè, a fair soil,  
Fair, till Menephron there the beauteous hill  
Attempted with foul incest to defile. 585 }

Her harness'd dragons now direct she drives  
For Corinth, and at Corinth she arrives;  
Where, if what old tradition tells, be true,  
In former ages men from mushrooms grew.

But here Medea finds her bed supply'd, 590  
During her absence, by another bride;  
And hopeless to recover her lost game,  
She sets both bride and palace in a flame.  
Nor could a rival's death her wrath assuage,  
Nor stopt at Creon's family her rage; 595  
She murders her own infants, in despite  
To faithless Jason, and in Jason's sight;  
Yet ere his sword could reach her, up she springs,  
Securely mounted on her dragons wings.

## THE STORY OF ÆGEUS.

From hence to Athens she directs her flight, 600  
 Where Phineus, so renown'd for doing right;  
 Where Periphas, and Polyphemon's niece,  
 Soaring with sudden plumes, amaz'd the towns of  
 Here Ægeus so engaging she addrest, [Greece.  
 That first he treats her like a royal guest; 605  
 Then takes the sorc'ress for his wedded wife;  
 The only blemish of his prudent life.

Meanwhile his son, from actions of renown,  
 Arrives at court, but to his sire unknown.  
 Medea, to dispatch a dang'rous heir, 610  
 (She knew him) did a pois'nous draught prepare;  
 Drawn from a drug, was long reserv'd in store  
 For desp'rate uses, from the Scythian shore;  
 That from the Echydnaean monster's jaws  
 Deriv'd its origin, and this the cause. 615

Thro' a dark cave a craggy passage lies,  
 To ours, ascending from the nether skies;  
 Thro' which, by strength of hand, Alcides drew }  
 Chain'd Cerberus, who lagg'd, and restive grew, }  
 With his blear'd eyes our brighter day to view. 620 }  
 Thrice he repeated his enormous yell,  
 With which he scares the ghosts, and startles hell;  
 At last outrageous (tho' compell'd to yield)  
 He sheds his foam in fury on the field; 624  
 Which, with its own, and rankness of the ground, }  
 Produced a weed, by sorcerers renown'd, }  
 The strongest constitution to confound;

Call'd Aconite, because it can unlock  
All bars, and force its passage thro' a rock.

The pious father, by her wheedles won, 630  
Presents this deadly potion to his son ;  
Who, with the same assurance takes the cup,  
And to the monarch's health had drank it up,  
But in the very instant he apply'd  
The goblet to his lips, old Ægeus spy'd 635  
The iv'ry-hilted sword that grac'd his side.

The certain signal of his son he knew,  
And snatcht the bowl away ; the sword he drew,  
Resolv'd, for such a son's endanger'd life,  
To sacrifice the most perfidious wife. 640

Revenge is swift, but her more active charms  
A whirlwind rais'd, that snatch'd her from his arms.  
While conjur'd clouds their baffled sense surprise,  
She vanishes from their deluded eyes,  
And thro' the hurricane triumphant flies. 645

The gen'rous king, altho' o'er joy'd to find  
His son was safe, yet bearing still in mind  
The mischief by his treach'rous queen design'd ;  
The Horror of the deed, and then how near  
The danger drew, he stands congeal'd with fear. 650  
But soon that fear into devotion turns,  
With grateful incense ev'ry altar burns ;  
Proud victims ! and unconscious of their fate,  
Stalk to the temple, there to die in state.  
In Athens never had a day been found 655  
For mirth, like that grand festival, renown'd.



Promiscuously the Peers, and people dine,  
Promiscuously their thankful voices join,  
In songs of wit, sublim'd by spritely wine.  
To list'ningspheres their joint applause they raise, 660  
And thus resound their matchless Theseus' praise.

Great Theseus! thee the Marathonian plain  
Admires, and wears with pride the noble stain  
Of the dire monster's blood, by valiant Theseus slain.

That now Cromyon's swains in safety sow, 665  
And reap their fertile field, to thee they owe.

By thee th' infested Epidaurian coast  
Was clear'd, and now can a free commerce boast.

The traveller his journey can pursue,  
With pleasure the late dreaded valley view, 670  
And cry, here Theseus the grand robber slew.

Cephus' flood cries to his rescu'd shore,  
The merciless Procrustes is no more.

In peace, Eleusis, Ceres' rites renew,  
Since Theseus' sword the fierce Cercyon slew. 675

By him the tort'rer Sinis was destroy'd,  
Of strength (but strength to barb'rous use employ'd)

That tops of tallest pines to earth could bend,  
And thus in pieces wretched captives rend.

Inhuman Scyron now has breath'd his last, 680  
And now Alcatho's road's securely past;

By Theseus slain, and thrown into the deep:  
But earth nor sea his scatter'd bones wou'd keep,

Which, after floating long, a rock became,  
Still infamous with Scyron's hated name. 685

When fame to count thy acts and years proceeds,  
Thy years appear but cyphers to thy deeds.

For thee, brave youth, as for our common wealth,  
We pray; and drink, in yours, the public health.

Your praise the senate, and plebeians sing, 690

With your lov'd name the court, and cottage ring.

You make our shepherds and our sailors glad,

And not a house in this vast city's sad.

But mortal bliss will never come sincere,  
Pleasure may lead, but grief brings up the rear; 695

While for his son's arrival, rev'ling joy

Ægeus, and all his subjects does employ;

While they for only costly feasts prepare,

His neighb'ring monarch, Minos, threatens war:

Weak in land forces, nor by sea more strong, 700

But pow'rful in a deep resented wrong

For a son's murder, arm'd with pious rage;

Yet prudently, before he would engage,

To raise auxiliaries resolv'd to sail,

And with the pow'rful princes to prevail. 705

(First Anaphe, then proud Astypalæa gains,

By presents that, and this by threats obtains:

Low Myconè, Cymolus, chalky soil,

Tall Cythnos, Scyros, flat Seriphos' isle;

Paros, with marble cliffs afar display'd; 710

Impregnable Sithonia; yet betray'd

To a weak foe by a gold-admiring maid,

Who chang'd into a daw of sable hue,

Still hoards up gold, and hides it from the view.

But as these islands cheerfully combine, 715  
 Others refuse t' embark in his design.  
 Now leftward with an easy sail he bore,  
 And pros'prous passage to CEnopia's shore ;  
 CEnopia once, but now Ægina call'd,  
 And with his royal mother's name install'd 720  
 By Æacus, under whose reign did spring  
 The Myrmidons, and now their reigning king.

Down to the port, amidst the rabble, run  
 The princes of the blood ; with Telamon,  
 Peleus the next, and Phocus the third son : 725 }  
 Then Æacus, altho' opprest with years,  
 To ask the cause of their approach appears.

That question does the Gnossian's grief renew,  
 And sighs from his afflicted bosom drew ;  
 Yet after a short solemn respite made, 730  
 The ruler of the hundred cities said :

Assist our arms, rais'd for a murder'd son,  
 In this religious war no risque you'll run :  
 Revenge the dead....for who refuse to give  
 Rest to their urns, unworthy are to live. 735

What you request, thus Æacus replies, }  
 Not I, but truth and common faith denies ; }  
 Athens and we have long been sworn allies ; }  
 Our leagues are fix'd, confed'rate are our pow'rs,  
 And who declare themselves their foes, are ours. 740

Minos rejoins, your league shall dearly cost ;  
 (Yet, mindful how much safer 'twas to boast,

Than there to waste his forces, and his fame  
Before in field with his grand foe he came)  
Parts without blows.... nor long had left the shore,  
E're into port another navy bore, 746  
With Cephalus, and all his jolly crew ;  
Th' Æacides their old acquaintance knew :  
The princes bid him welcome, and in state  
Conduct the hero to their palace gate ; 750  
Who ent'ring, seem'd the charming mien to wear,  
As when in youth he paid his visit there.  
In his right hand an olive-branch he holds,  
And, salutation past, the chief unfolds  
His embassy from the Athenian state, 755  
Their mutual friendship, leagues of ancient date ;  
Their common danger, ev'ry thing could wake  
Concern, and his address successful make :  
Strength'ning his plea with all the charms of sense,  
And those, with all the charms of eloquence. 760

Then thus the king : like suitors do you stand  
For that assistance which you may command ?  
Athenians, all our listed forces use,  
(They're such as no bold service will refuse ;)  
And when y've drawn them off, the gods be prais'd,  
Fresh legions can within our isle be rais'd : 766  
So stock'd with people, that we can prepare  
Both for domestic, and for distant war,  
Ours, or our friends insulters to chastize.  
Long may ye flourish thus, the prince replies. 770

Strange transport seiz'd me as I pass'd along,  
To meet so many troops, and all so young,  
As if your army did of twins consist ;  
Yet amongst them my late acquaintance miss'd :  
Ev'n all that to your palace did resort, 775  
When first you entertain'd me at your court ;  
And cannot guess the cause from whence could spring  
So vast a change....then thus the sighing king :

Illustrious guest, to my strange tale attend,  
Of sad beginning, but a joyful end : 780  
The whole to a vast history would swell,  
I shall but half, and that confus'dly, tell.  
That race whom so deserv'dly you admir'd,  
Are all into their silent tombs retir'd : 784  
They fell ; and falling, how they shook my state,  
Thought may conceive, but words can ne'er relate.

## THE STORY OF ANTS CHANG'D TO MEN.

BY MR. STONESTREET.

A dreadful plague from angry Juno came,  
To scourge the land, that bore her rival's name ;  
Before her fatal anger was reveal'd,  
And teeming malice lay as yet conceal'd, 790  
All remedies we try, all med'cines use,  
Which nature could supply, or art produce ;  
Th' unconquer'd foe derides the vain design,  
And art, and nature foil'd, declare the cause divine.

At first we only felt th' oppressive weight 795 }  
Of gloomy clouds, then teeming with our fate, }  
And lab'ring to discharge unactive heat : }  
But ere four moons alternate changes knew, }  
With deadly blasts the fatal south-wind blew, }  
Infected all the air, and poison'd as it flew. 800 }  
Our fountains too a dire infection yield,  
For crouds of vipers creep along the field,  
And with polluted gore, and baneful steams,  
Taint all the lakes, and venom all the streams.

The young disease with milder force began, 805  
And rag'd on birds, and beasts, excusing man.  
The lab'ring oxen fall before the plough,  
Th' unhappy plough-men stare, and wonder how :  
The tabid sheep, with sickly bleatings, pines ;  
Its wool decreasing, as its strength declines : 810  
The warlike steed, by inward foes compell'd,  
Neglects his honours, and deserts the field ;  
Unnerv'd, and languid, seeks a base retreat,  
And at the manger groans, but wish'd a nobler fate :  
The stags forget their speed, the boars their rage, 815  
Nor can the bears the stronger herds engage :  
A gen'ral faintness does invade 'em all,  
And in the woods, and fields promiscuously they fall.  
The air receives the stench, and (strange to say)  
The rav'nous birds, and beasts avoid the prey : 820  
Th' offensive bodies rot upon the ground,  
And spread the dire contagion all around.

But now the plague, grown to a larger size,  
Riots on man, and scorns a meaner prize.

Intestine heats begin the civil war, 825

And flushings first the latent flame declare,

And breath inspir'd, which seem'd like fiery air. }

Their black dry tongues are swell'd, and scarce can move,

And short thick sighs from panting lungs are drove.

They gape for air, with flatt'ring hopes t'abate 830

Their raging flames, but that augments their heat.

No bed, no cov'ring can the wretches bear,

But on the ground, expos'd to open air, }

They lie, and hope to find a pleasing coolness there.

The suff'ring earth, with that oppression curst, 835

Returns the heat which they imparted first.

In vain physicians would bestow their aid,

Vain all their art, and useless all their trade ;

And they, ev'n they, who fleeting life recall,

Feel the same pow'rs, and undistinguish'd fall. 840

If any proves so daring to attend

His sick companion, or his darling friend,

Th' officious wretch sucks in contagious breath,

And with his friend does sympathize in death.

And now the care and hopes of life are past, 845

They please their fancies, and indulge their taste ;

At brooks and streams, regardless of their shame,

Each sex, promiscuous, strives to quench their flame ;

Nor do they strive in vain to quench it there,

For thirst, and life at once extinguis'd are. 850



Thus in the brooks the dying bodies sink,  
But heedless still the rash survivors drink.

So much uneasy down the wretches hate,  
They fly their beds to struggle with their fate ;  
But if decaying strength forbids to rise, 855  
The victim crawls and rolls, till on the ground he lies.  
Each shuns his bed, as each would shun his tomb,  
And thinks th' infection only lodg'd at home.

Here one, with fainting steps, does slowly creep  
O'er heaps of dead, and straight augments a heap ; 860  
Another, while his strength and tongue prevail'd,  
Bewails his friend, and falls himself bewail'd :  
This with imploring looks surveys the skies,  
The last dear office of his closing eyes, }  
But finds the heav'ns implacable, and dies. 865 }

What now, ah ! what employ'd my troubled mind ?  
But only hopes my subjects fate to find.  
What place soe'er my weeping eyes survey,  
There in lamented heaps the vulgar lay ;  
As acorns scatter when the winds prevail, 870  
Or mellow fruit from shaken branches fall.

You see that dome which rears it's front so high :  
'Tis sacred to the monarch of the sky :  
How many there, with unregarded tears,  
And fruitless vows, sent up successful pray'rs ? 875  
There fathers for expiring sons implor'd,  
And there the wife bewail'd her gasping lord ;

With pious off'rings they'd appease the skies,  
 But they, ere yet th' atoning vapours rise,  
 Before the altars fall, themselves a sacrifice : 880  
 They fall, while yet their hands the gums contain,  
 The gums surviving, but their off'ers slain.

The destin'd ox, with holy garlands crown'd,  
 Prevents the blow, and feels th' expected wound :  
 When I myself invok'd the pow'rs divine, 885  
 To drive the fatal pest from me and mine ;  
 When now the priest with hands uplifted stood,  
 Prepar'd to strike, and shed the sacred blood,  
 The gods themselves the mortal stroke bestow,  
 The victim falls, but they impart the blow : 890  
 Scarce was the knife with the pale purple stain'd,  
 And no presages could be then obtain'd,  
 From putrid entrails, where th' infection reign'd.

Death stalk'd around with such resistless sway,  
 The temples of the gods his force obey, 895  
 And suppliants feel his stroke, while yet they pray.  
 Go now, said he, your deities implore  
 For fruitless aid, for I defy their pow'r.  
 Then with a curst malicious joy survey'd 899  
 The very altars, stain'd with trophies of the dead.

The rest grown mad, and frantic with despair,  
 Urge their own fate, and so prevent the fear.  
 Strange madness, that, when death pursu'd so fast,  
 T' anticipate the blow with impious haste.

No decent honours to their urns are paid, 905  
 Nor could the graves receive the num'rous dead ;

For, as they lay unbury'd on the ground,  
Or unadorn'd a needy fun'ral found ;  
All rev'rence past, the fainting wretches fight  
For fun'ral piles which were another's right. 910

Unmourn'd they fall, for who surviv'd to mourn?  
And sires, and mothers unlamented burn :  
Parents, and sons sustain an equal fate,  
And wand'ring ghosts their kindred shadows meet.  
The dead a larger space of ground require, 915  
Nor are the trees sufficient for the fire.

Despairing under Grief's oppressive weight,  
And sunk by these tempestuous blasts of fate,  
O Jove, said I, if common fame says true,  
If e'er Ægina gave those joys to you, 920  
If e'er you lay enclos'd in her embrace,  
Fond of her charms, and eager to possess ;  
O father, if you do not yet disclaim  
Paternal care, nor yet disown the name ;  
Grant my petitions, and with speed restore 925  
My subjects num'rous as they were before,  
Or make me partner of the fate they bore. }  
I spoke, and glorious lightning shone around,  
And rattling thunder gave a prosp'rous sound ;  
So let it be, and may these omens prove 930  
A pledge, said I, of your returning love.

By chance a rev'rend oak was near a place,  
Sacred to Jove, and of Dodona's race.  
Where frugal ants laid up their winter meat,  
Whose little bodies bear a mighty weight : 935

We saw them march along, and hide their store,  
 And much admir'd their number, and their pow'r ;  
 Admir'd at first, but after envy'd more.

Full of amazement, thus to Jove I pray'd,  
 O grant, since thus my subjects are decay'd, 940  
 As many subjects to supply the dead.

I pray'd, and strange convulsions mov'd the oak,  
 Which murmur'd, tho' by ambient winds unshook :  
 My trembling hands, and stiff erected hair,  
 Express all tokens of uncommon fear ; 945  
 Yet both the earth and sacred oak I kist,  
 And scarce could hope, yet still I hop'd the best ;  
 For wretches, whatso'er the fates divine,  
 Expound all omens to their own design.

But now 'twas night, when ev'n distraction wears  
 A pleasing look, and dreams beguile our cares. 951  
 Lo ! the same oak appears before my eyes,  
 Nor alter'd in its shape, nor former size ;  
 As many ants the num'rous branches bear,  
 The same their labour, and their frugal care ; 955  
 The branches too a like commotion found,  
 And shook th' industrious creatures on the ground,  
 Who, by degrees (what's scarce to be believ'd)  
 A nobler form, and larger bulk receiv'd,  
 And on the earth walk an unusual pace, 960  
 With manly strides, and an erected face ;  
 Their num'rous legs, and former colour lost,  
 The insects could a human figure boast.

I wake, and waking find my cares again,  
And to the unperforming gods complain, 965 }  
And call their promise, and pretences vain. }  
Yet in my court I heard the murm'ring voice  
Of strangers, and a mixt uncommon noise :  
But I suspected all was still a dream,  
'Till Telamon to my apartment came, 970  
Op'ning the door with an impetuous haste,  
O come, said he, and see your faith and hopes surpast:  
I follow, and, confus'd with wonder, view  
Those shapes which my presaging slumbers drew :  
I saw, and own'd, and call'd them subjects ; they 975  
Confest my pow'r, submissive to my sway.  
To Jove, restorer of my race decay'd,  
My vows were first with due oblations paid,  
I then divide with an impartial hand  
My empty city, and my ruin'd land, 980  
To give the new born youth an equal share,  
And call'd them Myrmidons, from what they were.  
You saw their persons, and they still retain  
The thrift of ants, tho' now transform'd to men.  
A frugal people, and inur'd to sweat, 985  
Lab'ring to gain, and keeping what they get.  
These, equal both in strength and years shall join  
Their willing aid, and follow your design,  
With the first southern gale that shall present  
To fill your sails, and favour your intent. 990

CONTINUED BY MR. TATE.

With such discourse they entertain the day ;  
The ev'ning past in banquets, sport, and play :  
Then, having crown'd the night with sweet repose,  
Aurora (with the wind at east) arose.  
Now Pallas' sons to Cephalus resort, 995  
And Cephalus with Pallas' sons to court,  
To the king's levee ; him sleep's silken chain,  
And pleasing dreams, beyond his hour detain ;  
But then the princes of the blood, in state,  
Expect, and meet 'em at the palace gate. 1000

## THE STORY OF CEPHALUS, AND PROCRIS.

To th' inmost courts the Grecian youths were led,  
And plac'd by Phocus on a Tyrian bed ;  
Who, soon observing Cephalus to hold  
A dart of unknown wood, but arm'd with gold ;  
None better loves (said he) the hunstman's sport, 1005  
Or does more often to the woods resort ;  
Yet I that jav'lin's stem with wonder view,  
Too brown for box, too smooth a grain for yew.  
I cannot guess the tree ; but never art  
Did form, or eyes behold so fair a dart ! 1010  
The guest then interrupts him.... 'twould produce  
Still greater wonder, if you knew it's use.  
It never fails to strike the game, and then  
Comes bloody back into your hand again.

Then Phocus each particular desires,  
And th' author of the wond'rous gift enquires.  
To which the owner thus, with weeping eyes,  
And sorrow for his wife's sad fate, replies :  
This weapon here (O prince !) can you believe  
This dart the cause for which so much I grieve ; 1020  
And shall continue to grieve on, 'till fate  
Afford such wretched life no longer date.  
Would I this fatal gift had ne'er enjoy'd,  
This fatal gift my tender wife destroy'd :  
Procris her name, ally'd in charms and blood 1025  
To fair Orythia courted by a god.  
Her father seal'd my hopes with rites divine,  
But firmer love before had made her mine.  
Men call'd me blest, and blest I was indeed.  
'The second month our nuptials did succeed ; 1030  
When (as upon Hymettus' dewy head,  
For mountain stags, my net betimes I spread)  
Aurora spy'd, and ravish'd me away,  
With rev'rence to the goddess, I must say,  
Against my will, for Procris had my heart, 1035  
Nor would her image from my thoughts depart.  
At last, in rage she cry'd, ungrateful boy  
Go to your Procris, take your fatal joy ;  
And so dismiss'd me : musing, as I went,  
What those expressions of the goddess meant, 1040  
A thousand jealous fears possess me now,  
Lest Procris had prophan'd her nuptial vow :



Her youth and charms did to my fancy paint  
A lewd adulteress, but her life a saint.

Yet I was absent long, the goddess too 1045

Taught me how far a woman could be true.

Aurora's treatment much suspicion bred ;

Besides, who truly love, ev'n shadows dread.

I straight impatient for the trial grew, 1049

What courtship back'd with richest gifts could do.

Aurora's envy aided my design,

And lent me features far unlike to mine.

In this disguise to my own house I came,

But all was chaste, no conscious sign of blame :

With thousand arts I scarce admittance found, 1055

And then beheld her weeping on the ground

For her lost husband ; hardly I retain'd

My purpose, scarce the wish'd embrace refrain'd.

How charming was her grief ! Then, Phocus, guess

What killing beauties waited on her dress. 1060

Her constant answer, when my suit I prest,

Forbear, my lord's dear image guards this breast ;

Where-e'er he is, whatever cause detains,

Who-e'er has his, my heart unmov'd remains. 1064

What greater proofs of truth than these could be ?

Yet I persist, and urge my destiny.

At length, she found, when my own form return'd,

Her jealous lover there, whose loss she mourn'd.

Enrag'd with my suspicion, swift as wind,

She fled at once from me and all mankind ; 1070

And so became, her purpose to retain,  
A nymph, and huntress in Diana's train:  
Forsaken thus, I found my flames increase,  
I own'd my folly, and I sued for peace.  
It was a fault, but not of guilt to move, 107  
Such punishment, a fault of too much love.  
Thus I retriev'd her to my longing arms,  
And many happy days possess'd her charms.  
But with herself she kindly did confer,  
What gifts the goddess had bestow'd on her; 108  
The fleetest greyhound, with this lovely dart,  
And I of both have wonders to impart.  
Near Thebes, a savage beast, of race unknown,  
Laid waste the field, and bore the vineyards down;  
The swains fled from him, and with one consent  
Our Grecian youth to chase the monster went; 1086  
More swift than light'ning he the toils surpast,  
And in his course spears, men, and trees o'er cast.  
We slipt our dogs, and last my Lclaps too,  
When none of all the mortal race would do: 1090  
He long before was struggling from my hands,  
And, ere we could unloose him, broke his bands.  
That minute where he was, we could not find,  
And only saw the dust he left behind.  
I climb'd a neighb'ring hill to view the chase, 1095  
While in the plain they held an equal race;  
The savage now seems caught, and now by force  
To quit himself, nor holds the same straight course;

But running counter, from the foe withdraws,  
And with short turning cheats his gaping jaws : 1100  
Which he retrieves, and still so closely prest,  
You'd fear at ev'ry stretch he were possess'd ;  
Yet for the gripe his fangs in vain prepare,  
The game shoots from him, and he chops the air.  
To cast my jav'lin then I took my stand ; 1105  
But as the thongs were fitting to my hand,  
While to the valley I o'er-look'd the wood,  
Before my eyes two marble statues stood ;  
That, as pursu'd, appearing at full stretch,  
This barking after, and at point to catch : 1110  
Some god their course did with this wonder grace,  
That neither might be conquer'd in the chase.  
A sudden silence here his tongue supprest,  
He here stops short, and fain would wave the rest.  
The eager prince then urg'd him to impart, 1115  
The fortune that attended on the dart.  
First then (said he) past joys let me relate,  
For bliss was the foundation of my fate.  
No language can those happy hours express,  
Did from our nuptials me, and Procris bless : 1120  
The kindest pair ! what more could heav'n confer ?  
For she was all to me, and I to her.  
Had Jove made love, great Jove had been despis'd ;  
And I my Procris more than Venus priz'd :  
Thus while no other joy we did aspire, 1125  
We grew at last one soul, and one desire.

Forth to the woods I went at break of day,  
(The constant practice of my youth) for prey :  
Nor yet for servant, horse, or dog did call,  
I found this single dart to serve for all. 1130  
With slaughter tir'd, I sought the cooler shade,  
And winds that from the mountains pierc'd the glade;  
Come, gentle air, (so was I wont to say)  
Come, gentle air, sweet Aura come away.  
This always was the burden of my song, 1135  
Come 'suage my flames, sweet Aura come along.  
Thou always art most welcome to my breast ;  
I faint ; approach, thou dearest, kindest guest !  
These blandishments, and more than these, I said,  
(By fate to unsuspected ruin led) 1140  
Thou art my joy, for thy dear sake I love  
Each desert hill, and solitary grove ;  
When (faint with labour) I refreshment need,  
For cordials on thy fragrant breath I feed.  
At last a wand'ring swain in hearing came, 1145  
And cheated with the sound of Aura's name,  
He thought I had some assignation made ;  
And to my Procris' ear the news convey'd.  
Great love is soonest with suspicion fir'd :  
She swoon'd, and with the tale almost expir'd. 1150  
Ah! wretched heart, (she cry'd) ah! faithless man!  
And then to curse th' imagin'd nymph began :  
Yet oft she 'doubts, oft hopes she is deceiv'd,  
And chides herself, that ever she believ'd



Me heedless, she reply'd, whoe'er you are,  
Excuse, attentive to another care.  
I settled on the deep my steady eye,  
Fix'd on my float, and bent on my employ. 1325  
And that you may not doubt what I impart,  
So may the ocean's god assist my art,  
If on the beach since I my sport pursu'd,  
Or man, or woman but myself I view'd.  
Back o'er the sands, deluded, he withdrew, 1330  
Whilst she for her old form put off her new.

Her sire, her shifting pow'r to change perceiv'd,  
And various chapmen by her sale deceiv'd.  
A fowl with spangled plumes, a brinded steer,  
Sometimes a crested mare, or antler'd deer : 1335  
Sold for a price she parted, to maintain  
Her starving parent with dishonest gain.

At last all means, as all provisions, fail'd ;  
For the disease by remedies prevail'd ;  
His muscles with a furious bite he tore, 1340  
Gorg'd his own tatter'd flesh, and gulph'd his gore.  
Wounds were his feast, his life to life a prey,  
Supporting nature by it's own decay.

But foreign stories why should I relate ?  
I too myself can to new forms translate, 1345  
Tho' the variety's not unconfined,  
But fix'd in number, and restrain'd in kind :

For often I this present shape retain,  
Oft curl a snake the volumes of my train.  
Sometimes my strength into my horns transferr'd,  
A bull I march, the captain of the herd.      1351  
But whilst I once those goring weapons wore,  
Vast wrestling force one from my forehead tore.  
Lo, my maim'd brows the injury still own ;  
He ceas'd ; his words concluding with a groan. 1355

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END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.







